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WOMAN'S WORTH;

OR,

HINTS TO RAISE

THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to counsel, and command—
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel's light."

WORDSWORTH.

THIRD AMERICAN FROM THE LAST ENGLISH EDITION, WITH A RECOMMENDATORY NOTICE BY

EMILY MARSHALL.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON & CO., 200 BROADWAY.
PHILADELPHIA:
GEORGE S. APPLETON, 148 CHESNUT ST.

MDCCCXLVIII.

1848

Woman
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NOTICE.

THE volume entitled "*Woman's Worth*," I have ead with equal pleasure and profit. It exhibits not only the character of a "virtuous woman," whose "price is far above rubies," but also the means by which our sex may become thus worthy; for, by a conformity to its wise instructions, we shall be more intellectual and enlightened, and more self-dependant, and, consequently, more inflexible in adhering to our innate sensibilities. Delicacy and refinement are the natural attributes of our sex, until they are debased by those communications which corrupt good manners. The examples and lessons, therefore, which teach our female youth how to preserve their dignity and loveliness, so that their presence shall embalm the atmosphere that encircles them with purity, are of the highest value. This Essay instructs us both how we may adorn and charm the social circle, and replenish it with every hallowed and ennobling *delight; and* also how we may become a blessing *to our associates.* A Matron, whose lofty princi-

ples and deep experience are combined with s
rior mental capacity and attainments, has pron
ced, that the ensuing Essay is a most accep
directory and guide to women in their variou
lations; and she earnestly recommends the vo
to her sisterhood, that by manifesting its s
heir Husbands, Fathers, and Brothers, all may
'VOMAN'S WORTH."

E. I

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WOMAN'S WORTH.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

"Remember thou art made man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passions; the end of thy being is not merely to gratify his loose desires, but to assist him in the trials of life, to sooth him with thy tenderness and recompense his care with soft endearments."—DODSLEY.

"BUT for Adam there was found no help meet for him!" Such is the simple yet expressive account of the design of the Almighty in the formation of woman. The works of creation were ended; earth, sea, and air, were peopled with living creatures, and man, the great lord of all, had entered upon his reign! And beautiful, beyond the dreams of poets or the pencillings of imagination, must the home of man then have been, before the thorn and the thistle sprung from the cursed ground and marred its loveliness: all then was sunny and smiling, and entranced and wonder-stricken Adam must have gazed with rapturous delight upon the rich scene before him; but he gazed alone—there was no form by his side, whose heart, beating in unison with his own, felt the same glow that was kindled in his breast; there were none to whom he might breathe out his feelings

—none who felt reciprocal joys and delights. can not think of our first parent, as he walked to fro through the garden of Eden, and gathered in beautiful and glorious things which were glov in the firmament, and mapped on the landscape, painted on every flower, and sculptured on e beast, and bird, and insect, without supposing he panted for a kindred being, who, like himsel the "earth, earthy," yet had a soul to feel, a spirit which could be stirred by the wonder-work of God.

Angelic beings, bright and beautiful in form raiment, might have stood by his side, and poi out to his astonished gaze the uses of the glor things by which he was surrounded. They m have spoken with an eloquence so pathetic and suasive that the like never fell from human lips, have declared to him the ends for which he was ated, and exhorted him to continue steadfast du the time of his probation by the hopes of he and the fears of death; but the speakers and auditor were too far removed for the silken cord companionship to bind them. It could only l been with awe and veneration that Adam listene the words of the heavenly visitants, though lov the solitary man might have caused them to n the disclosures. There was something in those fc of fire which forbade men to seek a friendship th

Seeing that it was not "good for man to be alo the great and merciful JEHOVAH was pleased to another rational and intelligent being to the ga he had planted. "Bone of man's bone and fles his flesh," woman was made a friend and compa —a sharer in all the pleasures of earth—a particip in the joys of that promised heaven which was signed for their everlasting home.

"*The friend* of man!" Such is woman's st —*such her* rank in life. She comes not up *point which* Providence designed, if she be de

to his slave; she aspires to a height which Providence never intended, if she seek to become his lord. And it is the object of this little work to endeavor to raise the female character to its true height, position, and dignity. Fully conscious that the elements of all that is good and amiable are found more abundantly in woman's heart than in that of the ruder sex, it seems a thing at which the finger of scorn might justly be raised—that while schools and colleges are founded for the one, the other should be left to glean the knowledge of her several duties from the sermons of preachers, or, from a yet more barren field, the tone of the world without. Naturally disposed as, from the very susceptibility of her nature, woman is, to be more virtuous than man; and, from timidity and modesty, to be less vicious; it seems hard that so little pains should be taken to cultivate the good disposition and eradicate the evil. Weeds she has, for what human being is perfect? But surely these may in a great measure be rooted out: God gives the rain and the sunshine, but those who would raise a fair flower must clear the ground of all that might injure its roots or drain from them the moisture of the earth; they must cover them from frost and shelter them from storms, and then watch the result of their assiduous care with only hope for its success. And surely, if a flower be worth this toil, woman, the fairest of earth's productions, is worthy of it. She is man's friend.—F'riend! there is no word so full of power as this. Mother, sister, daughter! these, if the expression be allowable, depend upon chance; at least we ourselves have no control as to who shall be our own. But *Friend!* this is a being who thinks of us and for us—who joys with our joy, and sorrows with our sorrow.

Choose then, men of learning—philosophers, moralists, *and sages*, you whose lot it is to cultivate the *garden of the mind*. Will you devote the strength *of your intellect* and the skill of your husbandry to

the adorning with sweet flowers and the enrichin with choice fruits the mind of man, and leave that c woman a barren, uncultivated waste? She has th seeds of all that is good and amiable—of all that ca adorn humanity—sown in her heart, which only r quire to be warmed by the sunshine of education, ar refreshed by the gentle dews of religion, to cau them to germinate and grow into beautiful flower which will delight by their glorious hues and refres by their odorous sweetness, and thus amply repay th toil. Or will you aid in the great and glorious wo of enlarging her intellect and increasing her know edge, and thus make her wiser and better?

It may be answered, that if the female part of ou population were thus educated, their domestic duti would be entirely neglected. But until the feelin of the heart are withered and its affections dried u this can never be; though by being educated arigh feelings and affections will turn to their legitima end. Will it make a mother to feel less affectionate for the child of her love, because she knows that is her duty to train him for heaven? Will it make wife to love her husband less, because she knows th it is her duty to strew his path through life with flow ers? Not so.

Educate the women of our land as beings wh have a vast duty to perform on earth. Let them l taught that religion will fit them for this life and f that which is to come. Let them feel that goodne and virtue have something better to recommend the than the world's homage, which, in spite of all i viciousness, it instinctively pays to truth, and yo materially aid in making good wives and goo mothers, and therefore good children and a happ people.

Choose, women of England—you are, you mu *be the* friends of man. Will you be merely chos *for such* because Providence has bestowed upon y *brows of* alabaster, eyes of diamonds, cheeks

roses, lips of coral, and teeth of pearl,—because your nature is so soft and engaging—so mild so sweet, so amiable, that you weave around him a magic circle and hold him spell-bound? This is a charm soon broken; it is as frail as youth, and as transient as beauty. Or will you be the friend of his mind? Man was made but a "little lower than the angels"—an active, busy, searching creature, with a mind ever on the alert. He has ransacked the earth in his pursuit after knowledge, and dived to the ocean's bed, and risen to the stars; and he wants a friend to accompany him in his wondrous flight —a friend who can think and reflect, and learn wisdom from the handyworks of the Almighty, and then, from looking to the works, learn to love and adore, and do the bidding of that great Being, who spake, and all the teeming hosts which crowd immensity came forth from nothing and peopled the universe. Will you not rise on the wings of reason and accompany him in this wondrous flight over creation? He has doubts which you may help to remove, perplexities which you can help to unravel, misgivings it may be yours to dispel, as well as sorrows which you may sooth, and troubles you alone can alleviate.

But while we thus elevate the mind, we would not be supposed to be saying that beauty has no charm, or natural amiability no attraction. We are thankful that it has pleased the Almighty to give to woman the eye of brightness and the cheek of beauty, and that he has woven into her nature such delicate threads of sensibility that she can not look upon pain without endeavoring to ameliorate it, or distress without trying to remove it. Yet, in the "friend of man"—in the companion of his life, we look for something more than beauty and sensibility. We look for a *being* with a soul capable of judging, *thinking, and* reflecting: a being good from motive, *and not from* nature—religious from principle, and

not from superstitious fear—a being who has improved natural acquirements by reading and reflecting, and who, as well as sooth and comfort, can manage his household duties, educate his children, and participate in his studies. It is not a butterfly life which woman has to spend; she may not flit from flower to flower, and sip the sweets from each—nor repose in some fragrant bell, while the sun shines brightly, and the heavens are blue, and gentle zephyrs float along. She must drink—ay, and it may be deeply—of the cup of affliction—that bitter draught of which all humanity has to partake. Friends will die around her—hopes will be frustrated, affections blighted; there will be sickness to be endured, pains to be suffered, trials to be encountered, and then death, the last foe of human kind, have to be met with complacency. Fierce must be the conflict when enemies like these encompass her around. The rampart that will protect her is not the rampart of gold, for "riches profit not in the day of trouble;" neither will beauty be her guardian—sorrow and sickness soon chase it from the cheek. Education in pure and practical religion is, under God, the surest protection; this is a mound no foe can scale—this is a fortification no enemy can batter down.

The curse of disobedience has lost none of its bitterness during the lapse of ages. "In sorrow shalt thou eat bread all the days of thy life," is still as true now as to those to whom it was first addressed, and it becomes all to lighten the burden of this stern denunciation as much as in them lies. Oh! in the happy days of paradise no culture was needed; earth yielded her fruits spontaneously, and sorrow and death could not enter that happy garden. But the paradise of God is removed to another land—a land to which the dark grave is the portal. *But earth*, with all its troubles and all its woes, is *the place* which fits for the inheritance thereof. Let *us live*, until the hour death calls upon us to quit

this globe, as beings to whom eternity is an engrossing thought, and the grave will not shroud us for ever. The flaming sword of the cherubim shall again be unsheathed, and that which in the first hour of apostacy was as a flame of fire turning every way to guard the tree of life, shall at the last hour of obedience again flame forth, though then only with mild and gentle shinings, and serve as a torch to guide to that land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

CHAPTER II.

EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

"——Show us how divine a thing
A Woman may be made."—WORDSWORTH.

IT is a lamentable fact, that until of late years little pains have been bestowed upon the education of woman. The culture of the female mind has been greatly neglected: formerly, girls grew to be women almost uneducated, and these in their turn, reared up children as ignorant as themselves. But a brighter day has dawned: education is no longer confined to the college or chained down to the monastery; it is attainable by those of all ranks and of both sexes. The humblest of our peasantry now send their children to school; but for what? We do not believe that any improvement has taken place in the great mass of the community since education has become so general. Servants are not more trustworthy than they were fifty years ago,

mechanics not more sober, laborers not more industrious or more honest, agriculturists not more contented, or crimes less frequent; and so little is the satisfaction which can be gathered by a comparison of the present generation with the past, that one might almost be inclined to wish that the beams of education had never shed their light upon our hamlets and our villages. But why is this? Surely, to educate can not be otherwise than proper. By education we comprehend something of the wonders which the hand of the Almighty has spread around. It is the attempt of the finite to understand Omnipotence.

The great evil is, that education is not conducted upon right principles; the object of instruction seems to be to fill the head and leave alone the heart; and while this is done, nothing can be expected but disaster.

But we waive further reference to the poor, and confine our attention to what are called the middle classes. This may seem an indefinite term, but it will suit our purpose sufficiently well; it includes all those who, when grown up, have leisure to attend to the cultivation of the mind, though they still have to concern themselves in domestic economy and social arrangement.

How are the daughters of these families educated? Of course, making due allowance for the different degrees in which they may be affected by wealth or station, the girls are taught all that will be useful to them in after life. First, they are impressed with a deep sense of religion; they are taught their duty to that Being who is always "about their path." They are instructed in the business of housewifery; in the duties which will devolve upon them as wives and mothers; in the government of the *temper; in* the curbing of unruly passions; in the *duty of* submitting to the Divine will in the trials and *troubles of* life.

These things and such as these, ought surely to form the basis of education in this land of Christianity and civilization. But is it so? Alas, no! Educated in one sense, they are; but unhappily education has taken an improper turn. To make the daughters of England what is called accomplished, seems to be the principal object aimed at—the more solid acquirements of mind are comparatively neglected; and religion, if it be thought of at all, consists in going to church on the Sabbath, and occasionally reading a chapter or two in the Bible on the evening of that day; and then it is left to slumber in oblivion during the remaining six days of the week, as if there were no hereafter, or as if women were not accountable beings, and it mattered nothing whether they were religious or not.

It may indeed admit of much debate whether it were not better to leave the mind in ignorance than to educate on such principles:—it were better to endure the pains of hunger, than to satisfy its cravings by eating hemlock.

But regret is vain; it were as wise to attempt to roll back the mighty waters of the Atlantic, as to think to stem the tide of education which is flowing through the land. The embankment which the superstition and the fears of rulers raised has been washed down, and the waves are flowing onward; but now the thing to be dreaded is, whether all that adorns a country will not be washed away by the boisterous surges. "An ignorant population may be degraded—a people educated, but not educated aright, will throw off all restraint, whether social or moral. The one may be slaves—the other will be tyrants."

The mind has indeed thrown off the trammels with which the iron middle ages had bound it, and *is now upon the* stretch, and eager to possess *knowledge in some* form. It rests with parents and *teachers whether* they will supply that which is

good for food, or that enticing fruit which looks so fair and beautiful, but which, like that fabled to grow upon the Dead Sea's shore, turns to ashes in the mouth. For the tree of knowledge is now, as to our first parents in paradise, a tree of good and evil; the fruit on which grows as closely together as two cherries on one stalk. Great heed should be taken in gathering this fruit; unweary hands should not pluck it, lest, like Adam and Eve, having eaten thereof to make themselves gods, they bring the curse "Thou shalt surely die" down upon their heads.

Now in education, as in all other concerns, the question proposed at the outset should be, "What is the end intended to be obtained?"

This, however, is a point which is too often lost sight of. So long as the head is filled with something, it seems a matter of indifference with what;—an agriculturist might as well sow tares and expect to reap wheat, a florist as well plant weeds and expect a parterre of choice and beautiful flowers, as a parent expect good fruits from a wrongly-directed education.

Propose this question, and the answer is obvious. Education should prepare for heaven, and at the same time should fit its subject for the duties of earth.

What then are the relative duties of woman? We define them thus:—To God, faith, love, and obedience: to the world, the duties of mother, wife, sister, and friend.

Yet how little are these attended to! The instruction which is afforded at most schools has little to do with preparing for the time to come; and so long as our daughters are taught what are called the accomplishments, we seem perfectly satisfied; as if all that were needful was that they should shine as belles at the party or the dance! To give *them a* smattering of French, and learn them to *catch the* Italian accent and be a proficient on so

instrument of music—to which may be added drawing and fancy needlework and embroidery—is the aim and end of teaching. But should such things be? Was it only for pursuits like these that God gave to woman a rational and immortal soul? We wage no war with accomplishments, but only censure their being made the chief end of female education. To teach these and neglect things more solid, is just to throw a veil over the glorious sun that the stars may light our path. Learn, then, Daughters of England, first to be virtuous and amiable—to love good and be good: a hundred faults of the understanding will be pardoned rather than one of the heart. The trials of woman during her sojourn upon earth will call forth the exercise of all her virtues; and though the dawn of life may be ushered in brightly and beautifully, and the crimson streaks on the eastern sky may give hopes of a sunny day—yet we are "born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward." Youth must depart, and strength be enfeebled, and the night-clouds of affliction gather thickly around—age creeps on with slow and solemn tread, and brings with it trouble, and sorrow, and tears; each year has its winter—each life its season of trial and gloom; and then, when there are none to comfort the aching heart,—for the gay and the frivolous find little congenial to their feelings in a sick chamber or a house of mourning, —there is a void in the soul, which, seeking for something to satisfy its pantings, but knowing not what at length preys upon itself in the wildness of despair.

What at such a moment would be given for a comforter! But where shall a comforter be found? Pleasure may take the lyre, and endeavor by her silvery and enticing strains to divert and amuse; *but there is in* the dark and lonely hour little melo*dy in the music* which sounded so enchantingly when a *thousand lights* were dazzling. Worldly knowl-

edge, under its mask of philosophy, may come with its vain but useless consolation; it may spe of the unavoidableness of death, of the precariou ness of human property, of the fleetingness of healt but the torch of philosophy shines too dimly to di pel the clouds of sorrow from the heart. The mir has during the season of prosperity reckoned th things enjoyed as real and lasting, and there is litt to cheer us in being told that we have mistake the unreal and the visionary for the true and th abiding, and that we have been pursuing a fanci good which crumbled in our grasp. It is then th religion breaks in upon the view all glorious ar beautiful, with a halo of glory more lustrous tha that which shone round the head of the Lawgiv of Israel when he descended from communion wit GOD on the Mount, and at once dispels the mi which enshrouds the heart. She consoles us wit the thought, that as earthly things fall away, th things of heaven grow fairer and lovelier; and thu she has a balm for every wound, an assuagemer for every pain, a word of consolation for every for of distress; and though the storm of adversity ma rage furiously, and disaster succeed disaster as wav follows wave, yet she appears as a form radiant wit splendor walking upon the stormy waves, and i gentle accents says to the raging billows, "Peace– be still."

If we would make girls happy through after-life we must impress them with a deep sense of religion We have spoken of its uses in adversity, and show how it supports under all kinds of trouble; but pros perity is as much to be prepared for as adversity. I we would restrain pride, self-love, envy, jealousy vanity, teach them to become religious. Piety an vice are a contradiction in terms.

We know it is the common practice to teach mo *rality from* the works of human authors; but w *hold that* there is no book so fraught with instr

tion as the Bible, no inducement half so strong to the becoming virtuous as the hope which is centred in heaven. Those who are taught to reverence the precepts of that sacred book will adorn any circle in which they may be placed. They may not shine as the wise and the learned—they will as the good and the happy. Oh! just because it is familiar to us—just because we have heard its truths from childhood, we do not estimate aright the value of the Bible. But think what a change would pass upon our race, if it were suddenly removed, and its precepts obliterated from every heart! This were to take from us all knowledge of God and of the soul's immortality, and leave us to grope our way over doubts and difficulties, with a thousand stars to dazzle, but not one to guide. It were to cause men to lose all concern for the future, and with the loss of concern all the restraint now put upon evil; it were at once to throw open the flood-gates and let vice inundate the land—to take the beauty from our landscapes, and to leave all a desert; and the verdure from our valleys, and leave them in barrenness—the sun from the firmament, and set it in blood;—to sap our charities, wither our hopes, sever our friendships, blast our happiness, and let the demon of disaster roam wildly through the world. It would make earth a scene of disorder, rapine, and bloodshed, and leave to futurity only the punishment of the crimes. It would leave men maniacs through time, and fiends through eternity.

And if (for we may fairly reckon the worth by the loss we should sustain by its removal) such be the worth of the Bible—that on the one hand it keeps from evil those too much disposed to perpetrate it, and on the other leads to be virtuous and amiable those whose natural dispositions are the very opposite—*we may* fairly say that no instruction can be *of such worth* as that derived from its sacred pages *Educate on the* principle that you educate for eter-

nity, and you can hardly do wrong: there is no better way of teaching how to live than in teaching how to die.

It were beside our purpose to enter further into detail on the different modes of instruction. In the exact proportion that eternity is greater than time—infinity than space, are the concerns of religion of more importance than secular things, and no opportunity should be lost of impressing them upon the heart of the young and sensitive female.

Little however as education, as generally afforded, is calculated to prepare for heaven, it seems to be, if possible, as little useful for the things of earth.

In how slight a degree is a wife or a mother benefited by being possessed of the most showy accomplishments! How little availing is a knowledge of French, or the being able to sing like a siren! In education, reference should be made to the varied events which life will unfold—not merely to the gay and sprightly hours of youth, around which nature has thrown so much radiance and lustre, and upon which she has been so lavish of all that may please the eye or attract the fancy.

That she might be a help meet for man was the intention of the Almighty in forming woman; and she is made a being who can think, and feel, and reflect,—a being who can assist in his affairs—who can smooth the rugged brow of care, can cheer through the toil and strengthen in the task—not a creature whose gayety and frivolity are only fitted for his hours of relaxation and pleasure or enjoyment.

In marriage man expects a wife to be a companion, not a proficient in music or dancing—one who is able to talk on graver and wiser subjects than the merits or demerits of the present fashions over the *past.* Yet it is often lamentably true, that if *conversation* take a turn above the ordinary topics of "*morning* calls," women are dumb; or if they have

ventured to express an opinion, have no better argument to support it than that "it is so because it is," or that "they have been always taught so, and can not help their feelings." Why, if women had no souls, they might be left to the enjoyment of a fashionable routine of education. But though such an opinion may be entertained by an infidel, Christianity utterly repudiates the notion. Away with the idea that female education is a trifle! If we would make the homes of England happy, we must educate girls on sound and rational principles. They must be taught the duties they will have to perform, and marriage must be considered as the commencement of the arduous duties of their lives, instead of the too common opinion that it is the breaking up of the thraldom of the parental home. They have souls and minds which crave the possession of learning; but vanity alone occupies them in too many instances. In elevating the female character, the dignity of the land is upheld. Educate on sound principles, and a cloud of darkness—of darkness that may be felt—will be driven away. Is it right that woman—gentle, kind, and as affectionate as nature made her—should be left unaided in the improvement of those qualities which throw around her yet greater charms? She is not taught the government of temper—she is not instructed in anything that can make her more amiable; and school is left with a feeling that education is then finished, and she is happiest who is married first. "Eighteen years!" says a boarding-school girl on her finally quitting the seminary; "well, I hope I know enough now! I can speak French and Italian—can draw, dance, sing, play, and embroider! How strange that one head can hold so much!" Such is too often the feeling with which girls leave school. Is this *education*?

"*Seventy years!*" said a grayhaired philosopher, *as he slowly raised* his head from the volume he had

been poring over; "Yes, just seventy! and yet how little do I know! I am going to the grave before I have acquired the rudiments of knowledge."

Half the causes of the disagreements which occur in married life are owing to the improper way in which women are educated. Much as amiable qualities may win love—much as a fair face and gentle eyes may call for endearment—still, when the reins of domestic government are given up to one who, like Phaeton of old, knows not how to drive the car, causes for strife and contention will unavoidably occur. When domestic comforts are neglected; when a husband returns home, and finds the playthings of his children littered about the room, and all signs of bustle and disorder which have been hushed up by his knock at the door; when, hungry and weary with a day's toil, he finds his fire almost out, or his meals not near ready; and his wife, who should be free from all engagements, and ready to receive him with a welcome smile, hurrying hither and thither in the utmost confusion, or, what is worse, sitting down with a calm and unfeeling indifference; when he finds things like these, but the too sure signs of an ill-managed household, not all the charms which ever adorned the female face will restore his complacency: this soon begets coldness, then coldness grows to strife, and strife issues too frequently in open contention.

There is yet one important point in female education that demands our attention; it is that which prepares them to fulfil the duties which devolve upon a mother.

The duties of a mother are so onerous and important—so affecting in all that respects the welfare of her children, that too much pains can not be employed in teaching them.

We marvel to hear of the ingratitude of children. How should it be otherwise, when, as is in too many instances the case, they are left to the care of ser-

ants, or sent to school, and only indebted to their arents for the money which is spent upon their naintenance? A mother, if she would indeed deerve that endearing epithet, should watch her hildren with the greatest assiduity. She should nstruct them alike by precept and example; for the ormer will avail little without the latter—if actions orrespond not with the words, the instruction is vorse than useless. Children are shrewd and keenvitted enough to detect any discrepances in words nd actions, and they will nurse in secret the knowldge of such discrepance in a parent, ready to lead it in their own excuse when occasion may require.

The first days of humanity are under woman's uidance; impressions are then formed, never to be bliterated—the young mind is then as pliable as vax, and will receive any form or stamp. The ent of future character is formed in childhood—arly habits, early impressions, are never entirely bliterated. The welfare therefore of children, both emporal and eternal, depends upon the mother's are. But how shall she teach who has never learnd? How can a mother who knows no more of reigion than the so-called education of the day betows, be expected to train up her children properly? Ier system of morality must at best be a garbled nd unsatisfactory one. She can only esteem those hings good and evil which the world holds to be o, and can hold out no higher inducements to follow irtue rather than yield to vice, than the hopes and ears of the world's smile, or the world's frown: hus leaving actions to be committed with impunity vhich the world can never know—or knowing, but lightly censures.

If not instructed better than this, your children vill grow around you as ignorant of the God who nade them, and of the duties of life, as the swarthy African in the burning zone, or the Icelander amid

his everlasting snows. And thus they will advance, from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, ignorant and reckless of everything beyond the limits of this world. Boys will be sent to school to study Homer and Euclid, and girls to complete their education in the same manner as their mothers before them. But they are immortal creatures —beings to whom time and the world are, compared with the immortality to which they are destined, but as a rain-drop to the boundless ocean—and yet, must they have no religion but that which they may glean for themselves in after life, and which in all probability will be none at all—or what is worse, the wild creed of the visionary, or the yet wilder of the skeptic.

Women of England—you hold in your hands the destinies of the rising generation; think of the importance of the charge intrusted to your care. With the children you are rearing the future homes of England must be peopled, and education is the great cause of a nation's wealth or a nation's ruin. Teach then—oh teach your children, as a matter of the highest moment, their duty to God, and there is but little fear of their failing in their duty to their fellow-men. Too much importance can not be attached to practical religious knowledge. Sages may invent other modes, and declare that a system of virtue may be inculcated independently of religion; but we hold the other as the true philosophy—an opinion not to be shaken until it can be proved that Christ erred when he commanded that the kingdom of God should be the object of our first regard. Fill the mind with knowledge, but leave all practical religion from the instruction, and you do much the same as he who places a firebrand in a madman's hand—the probability being that his first act will be *to fire his* own dwelling. But instil into their minds *sound principles* of religious morality—a religious *morality* which has God for its author and heav

for its end—and you do your best for their happiness here and hereafter.

Mothers of England—you whose love for your children is so great, that if they suffer pain, you weep for very tenderness—in your hands is placed the charge of immortal souls.

Maidens of England—you who hope to have the endearing name of "mother" applied to yourselves—strive to acquire knowledge, that you may rear your children in the steadfast faith and fear of God.

We live, alas! in troublesome and infidel times, when the flag of irreligion is waved on high. The great and the learned are likewise enlisted on its side, and marshalled in its ranks. Be careful, be vigilant that your children imbibe not the principles of the skeptic—of the fool who says in his heart, There is no God; for if they, through your neglect or incapacity, fail in their duty to their Creator and Redeemer, you can not hope that they will fulfil their duty to you or to each other.

It has been said, that "sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have an ungrateful child." But the bite must give the most acute pain to a mother who feels that it was her own neglect and ignorance which sharpened the fang and charged it with deadly poison.

CHAPTER III.

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

"To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen man with his own mind."—BYRON.

It is a true saying, that "no man liveth unto himself, *and no man* dieth unto himself;" each exerts

considerable influence over the conduct of others, whether for good or evil. "With the pure," says the Psalmist, "thou shalt be pure; and with the froward man thou shalt learn frowardness."

Now, the influence which woman exerts is silent and still—felt rather than seen—not chaining the hands, but restraining our actions by gliding into the heart. If a mother, she governs by love; if a wife, she conquers by submission; if a sister, her words will be attended to, by being uniformly kind and affectionate,—there is no oratory so powerful as words of kindness, no power half so great as that which is acquired by a return of benefits for injuries inflicted or designed—and nothing so touching as solicitude for indifference. A kind word will often tell more than the severest reproof, and a sigh of sorrow make a far deeper impression than an open censure. We are so constituted, that hope has far more influence upon us than fear; and to win a commendation where worthy of being obtained, will cause the abstaining from actions which would otherwise be committed with unconcern, though certain to raise a gust of anger. Kindness, like the gentle breath of spring, melts the icy heart; reproof, like the blast of winter, binds it with a chain of adamant.

The sphere of woman's influence is a domestic one; in the endearments of home it is always partially operative. The reign of the Amazons is over, —women are not warriors or legislators; but the influence which they have is still as great and powerful as ever—they weave round the heart a mystic chain forged by love and cemented by affection, so that the thoughts, hopes and feelings of humankind rise and unite with theirs. Whatever woman's station is—whether exalted or debased, adored as a goddess or degraded as a slave—such will be that of man. *In degrading* the female character, men degrade *themselves*; and those who would rescue heathen lands

from the grovelling state they now live in, begin by elevating the character of the female portion of the population.

It is a vast and substantial influence which woman exerts, and not the less real because unseen. The trials and trouble of the world may call forth man's faculties—the influence of woman fits him for the task. In the days of childhood her hands sowed the seeds—in riper years she trained the branches.

Woman is a gentle being, and exerts her influence mildly. Her reign, like that of the Queen of Night, is placid and serene; and as the one, with silvery beams, shines on the closed-up flowers, and refreshes those with dew which the burning sun had caused to droop and wither, so does the other shine upon man with beams full of love and tenderness, and over his misfortunes the dewdrops she sheds are tears of affection and regard.

Now, the ways in which a woman chiefly exerts her influence are three: namely, as a mother, wife, and sister.

First—as a mother;—

Look at that house where the honeysuckle and jessamine are growing upon the walls and around its porch; the while the merry, joyous laugh of childhood is borne lightly on the breeze. Boys and girls there are in their sportive hours; there is no sorrow in their hearts—earth is to them all fairness and freshness, and the heavens have not as yet the cloud "small as a man's hand" to tell of the storms which must soon break over them. With them there is—

> "The open brow, the playful wile,
> The ruddy cheek, the cherub smile,—
> These are the flowings from a heart
> Where grief and sorrows have no part.
>
> "*The troublous* thought age has to bear,
> *The heart of* pain, the brow of care,
> *Make many* wish, though wishing's vain,
> *That Childhood's* days would dawn again."

But innocent and smiling as these children seem, they are beings in whom lie hidden evil and headstrong passions. The tendencies of vice are already sown in their hearts; and attractive as they seem—sweet and engaging as their smiles and prattle are—there are in those young minds all the elements of revenge, self-will, and pride.

And the training of these children depends upon the mother. To her it is given to write her precepts when the tablet is fairest and the mind most easily bent. She has the training of their minds—the inculcating of virtue and the suppressing of vice—the curbing of unruly tempers, and the maturing the growth of amiable dispositions and propensities. And where is influence like to this? Hers is the influence of precept at a time when precept tells with the greatest force; for then is thrown around the title and character of a mother such a charm, that children ever feel it. So much has been done for them,—so much love shown toward them—so much undergone on their account—such solicitude to make them happy,—that they feel, even when reproved, it originates in kindness and is meant for their good.

Here is then the influence of example. The power of imitation is nowhere more displayed than in children; they are almost always ready to do what they see done, and to follow a practice which is frequently placed before them.

What influence then may not a mother exert? She is a pattern which her children are constantly striving to imitate; her actions are made the models of theirs, her words form the basis of the sentiments which they entertain.

To the influence of mothers, may therefore in a very great degree be ascribed the dispositions of the children; and therefore should they be extremely *cautious* that there should be no inconsistency *between* what they teach and what they practise; *for the one* so injures the other, as not only to neu-

tralize its effects, but to bring it into suspicion, and therefore into contempt. But where the mother teaches her children with kindness and affection, and where those things she teaches agree with those she practises, and both tend to good, it may safely be said, that, in all human probability, her children will grow up good and amiable, loving and beloved by all around.

With the female portion of her family there is but little room for fear; for they are so hedged round and guarded by the rules of society, that to step over the boundary line is to win shame for life. But with her boys, to whom so many temptations are held out, and who, if they keep to what are termed "fashionable vices," are not shunned by society, the case is very different; yet even in this case the influence of a mother's example—of a mother's instructions—can not cease.

An individual may start forward in the world, and, through the power of temptation, may pursue such a line of conduct as to throw contempt upon all the advice and the counsels of home. He may treat with disdain all his mother's precepts. He may do many things which wring her heart, and even bring down "her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." But yet, for all this, we do not consider her influence lost, her instructions thrown away.

The youth may have grown to manhood unchecked or unrestrained; but then, in the dark season of adversity, it may be, some unlooked-for circumstance occurs which brings forcibly to his remembrance the days of his youth; and there may arise to his mind some saying of his mother—that parent whose last years his recklessness embittered, and who now fills the silent grave—with a pathos and persuasiveness such as he never knew to fall from his parent's lips when warm with the breath of life—as though the years it had slumbered had given to it a deepness of tone and a richness of persuasive oratory unknown.

and unfelt before. Then, it may be, will memory be busied in arraying before him the happy days of his youth—of the period when he knew vice only by name, and as a hateful and detestable thing; and this thought—the comparison of what he then was with what he now is, may bring remorse, repentance, and amendment.

There is, however, another way in which the influence of a mother is made apparent, and which is a proof that warnings and admonitions are not always forgotten, though they seem to be despised, and treated with contempt.

The youth may have grown into a hardened and desperate man; but he has not as yet reached the height of hardihood and desperation. And why is this? There come across him, in his calmer moments, thoughts of the home of his boyhood—and there yet linger round his heart the remains of counsel and remonstrance. The form of his parent yet seems by his side, haunting his footsteps like a spectral thing, and present to his view in the silence of solitude. The echo of her last words yet seems to ring in his ears, as perfect as when, with a sad heart, she bade him "farewell" and entreated him to "remember his Creator."

Notwithstanding his crimes, these thoughts have such a spell upon him that he can not break from the charm; though were it not for these he might mingle with yet more desperate associates, and perform yet more desperate deeds. But he can not rid himself of these thoughts; he can not silence the whisperings of conscience. And this it is which puts a restraint upon his actions—a power derived from a parent's counsels, admonitions, and affectionate reproofs.

What then have mothers to do with supposing all their instructions thrown away, because their children *run a career* of recklessness and crime? Until death *seals their* eyes, there is time for repentance: and *repentance* may be effected by words spoken in their

youth. Oh! the words a mother has spoken—the precepts she has enforced, the lessons she has taught —these may have such power over a man, even though his actions be evil, that but for them his career might have been one of the worst in desperation and crime.

Go on then, mothers, in instructing your children in virtue and piety. Be not disheartened that your precepts seem to be unheeded—a time will come when they will meet with attention; and then to you, though sleeping the sleep of death, must be ascribed the repentance of a sinner; a thing so glorious, that over it angels sweep the harp-strings and chant a song of triumph.

Secondly—As a wife:—

Look at that darkened chamber, and see, tossing to and fro on his uneasy bed, a worn-down and dying man; he is trying to snatch a few hours of repose. The pale creature who sits by his side has just administered the medicine which has allayed his suffering—she has smoothed the tumbled pillow, and bathed the burning brow. Night after night she has watched by his side, ministering to his every want, and ever and anon impressing on his flushed and fevered cheek the kiss of affection, while striving to calm his agitated spirit into resignation to the will of the Almighty and All-sufficient.

She thinks little of herself, but watches with eagerness his panting and irregular breathings. Time and eternity hang upon that sleep. The physician's work is over—that sleep will restore the sufferer, or be the last one for him till he sleeps in the grave. And who is that kind creature who, like a ministering angel, watches over the sleeping man, unmindful of all things save those which can add to his comfort, and ever ready to provide those kind though trifling comforts which only kindness can think of, and only *sickness* appreciate? Who is she? Who, but his *wife?*

But the sleeper she so earnestly watches is not worthy the bestowal of love such as this. It is too pure and spirit-like for a heart such as his to appreciate; for when her beauty had lost the attraction of novelty, his love for her died away too.

A worldly-minded and irreligious man, Mammon was the only deity he adored, and on the shrine of that Moloch he offered up everything he possessed of time, thought, or ability. In the hunting after wealth, he forgot the gentle creature whose life had been linked with his own, and who waited for his return home through many weary hours. Often has it happened that hour after hour she has waited for his return in the evening, when he was busied only with pleasure or with gain: the midnight bell has often tolled before he came—still she waited patiently, stirred the fire, and listened attentively, hoping that every footstep on the silent stones would be that of her expected husband—but still he came not. And when at length he did arrive—oh! it was not with affection that he met her: a cold salutation—and perhaps a reproof for the folly of waiting for him, though he would have deemed it the unkindest action had she retired to rest before he came—was all the thanks her tenderness received.

Sad and sore her heart would be when she called to mind the change which so short a time had wrought; and tears—unbidden indeed, but the produce of thoughts she could not bridle—would roll down her cheeks when she contrasted what her husband once was, with what that husband had proved to be. But, for all this, she could not cease to love him. In the sunny days of youth he had won her heart, and unkindness could not break the links, or indifference quench the flame of love, and a kind word, or look, or action, from her husband brought back to her remembrance the happiness of former *days, and* bound her to him more firmly than be*fore.*

And now that the hour of sickness has come to her husband, the affectionate wife is turned into the tender nurse. Attendants might have been had to watch the sick man's bed—nurses might have been provided to attend to his varied wants; but what attendant would watch—what nurse attend with such solicitude—as a wife? There is nothing the sufferer wants but her affection instantly provides—nay, she almost seems to anticipate his every desire, so assiduous is her attention. And a man must have a nerve of iron and a heart of marble if actions like these make no impression. He may have been irreligious; but when he sees his wife so calm, so patient, so submissive under her troubles, and morning and night offering up her prayers to Heaven, why there is a sermon in her every action, and a homily in her every look, which goes at once to the heart.

He may be a man whose thoughts are solely occupied with things which add to the comforts and pleasures of himself alone; he may have been indifferent alike to the endearments of love and the pleasure of making others happy. But when he sees her whom he has so cruelly neglected, though bound to love, so ready to do anything which could tend to make him more happy, and be so attentive to watch, so solicitous to please, why the thought of how bad his conduct has been comes to him like fire to the ice, and his stern and callous feelings melt like snow-flakes beneath the sun.

But, hark! the fevered man is sleeping on, and his breathing has become more regular and still. The winged dart of death has glanced harmlessly by him, and the spirit of health has once more breathed upon his face; and though from the verge of the grave to complete health a long and protracted time must *elapse, those* bright eyes of love are still beaming *kindly upon him*—books are brought and read, and *everything* is done which can make the dull hours

fly pleasantly by, and give bright plumage to the heavy wings of time.

And the heart, when softened by affliction or sickness, is rendered highly sensitive, so that sympathy and kindness can make their way into it at once, and demand a return when health shall have again made the eye bright and the limbs strong. Then too, when earth, with its splendid delusions and its treacherous pleasures, seems fleeting from the view, the calls of religion are attended to, and God is worshipped in the storm, though neglected in the sunshine; and though with returning health the sick-bed resolutions and the promises of amendment, so far as Heaven is concerned, may be forgotten, yet the goodness and kindness of his wife, being more apparent, can never be forgotten. Whenever her image floats before his mind, he is at once softened and made human, and he feels that no amount of kindness can be too much in return to one who has done so much for him. He might have been indifferent to reproof—to remonstrance—to contempt. But actions like these! Why, if to do good to an enemy be to "heap coals of fire on his head," to watch like this the bedside of a man who has returned indifference for love, and scorn for kindness, must be to fan to a flame every spark of good feeling—so bright and glowing, that no storms of the world can quench it—no evil passions dim its lustre.

But it may be said that an extreme case has been taken—a case showing only the influence of woman at a particular time, and not her influence in general. To return to the subject, therefore—the influence of woman as a wife. She is bound, by a chain which death alone can sever, to one whom she herself has chosen as her companion through *life, and* who has promised, before God, to love *honor, and* cherish her. To him has she given *up herself,* to tread with him the thorny road

e—to share with him his pleasures or pains, joys or rrows. For him she has left the home of her fancy and the friends of her youth, because bound him by the strongest of all ties, "the bands of ve."

And herein is it that she acquires her influence—ot indeed the influence of a tyrant over a slave—ot one of despotism or power; but an influence erived from her dependance, her weakness, her sacfices, her love.

It is in a manner like this, that woman's influence akes its way—appealing to everything that is genous and noble in man, and making its way direct to s heart.

It is thus, though her lips be mute, she seems to ldress him: "I have given myself up entirely to ou—linking indissolubly my fate with yours; and om you I look for all my happiness on this side the ave. It is in your power, indeed, to blight all my opes and fill my cup with sorrow; but you have wed to love me, and I look for it, even as I am ady to do aught for you. I have already given o much: a mother's tears are scarcely dry on my eek; a father's blessing yet echoes in my ears! hey who watched my childhood! they from whom derived all that I possess, and all that I know! ese have I left for you. My friends and companns! Those with whom I have lived as a sister, ose with whom I sported in the days when the art is lightest and the spirit gayest, are all left bend! Whatever then gave me the greatest pleasure now no more to be enjoyed, the chain of my forer hopes is broken link from link, and other purits must now engross my attention, leaving me but anty time to partake of the light ones of girlhood. nd these all have I left because of my love for you a love *so fervent*, that with you I am ready to share *liction, and to* lighten it by consolation when I can *share. If* sickness comes to you, I will minister

to your wants: if distress, I will bear my p
give you my sympathy."

These are the feelings which make their
every man's heart, and thus give to woman
fluence over him. And a man must have s
ties colder than ice and harder than iron, if
peal so exquisitely touching makes no imp
upon his heart, and does nothing to influe
conduct. It is an appeal which comes in fu
in the first days of marriage, while the boson
glowing with love; and at that moment wha
he not do—what would he not suffer for he
He feels himself strong enough to undertake
thing and suffer everything. He may befo
been entangled in the meshes of pleasure, o
by the cords of wealth; but at her entre
meshes become as tow when it toucheth
and the cords snap asunder as threads from t
The dreams of ambition and the cheats of
are but as a feather in the balance when
against her love, and resigned at once for h
Of course we speak of a marriage which h
for its origin—not one which has only a pan
wealth on one side, and a desire for the po
of beauty on the other. A marriage like
never be happy, or a wife acquire influence
it would be to expect firmness in the quick
solidity in the air. Vows made at the sh
Mammon are like mockery to God, and retu
a double weight of wo upon the heads o
who breathe them. But a marriage in wh
chains are forged by love and fastened by affe
this will always give to woman her right in
because derived from that very love through
she is bound.

And it is a woman's own fault if, after hav
quired such an influence, she suffers it to
Such love, no sudden wrench can rend—
sink by slow decay, cooling by degrees,

indifference; though even then, like a faded flower, retaining some bright streaks, to tell how rich and glorious its colors once appeared.

It is a frequent thing, after the first two or three years of a married life, to see a wife pining in retirement, while her husband is partaking of pleasure in its varied forms. She thinks of the happy hours when together they shared those things he now enjoys alone. She thinks that then nothing gave him pleasure but when she was there; and now she feels that her presence is but a clog to his spirits, and, in the bitterness of spirit, she contrasts the bright hopes her fancy painted with the sternness of reality.

But, may it not have been partly herself that brought about the change? Knowing her influence, she strove to carry it to the utmost, and snapped the cord by drawing it too tightly. But even now her influence has not entirely vanished; "it is not dead, but sleepeth." Let her appear again as brightly and as amiable as in the days of youth and love; let her show that she is as ready to yield as to require; let her be attentive to please in those things which the heart feels, though the head scarcely thinks of; and her influence will be restored, the broken cord shall be again united. And if now, like the traveller at Palmyra, the spectator sighs over a city of palaces in dust and desolation, he shall then, as though the wand of the magician had been waved over it, rejoice that the palaces are rebuilt, rich in beauty and radiant in splendor.

Thirdly—As a sister:—

We stated at the outset of this chapter, that woman's influence is a silent one, making its way into the heart imperceptibly; and this is peculiarly the case with that of a sister. She must therefore trust far more to example than to precept. The instructing by words has this great evil, that the person who thus gives advice or reproof assumes by the

action a mental superiority; it were a contradic
in terms to say that an inferior could give advic
one more learned than himself, and it is very ob
able how the proud mind of humanity recoils at
thought of being lectured.

Surrounded by those of nearly an equal age
herself, though her kindness may be great, and
most amiable feelings have a lodgment in her br
she must expect contempt to be sometimes thr
upon her gentlest remonstrances, and laughter
casionally to follow her well-meant efforts to imp
her brothers and sisters. The intimacy of
association with her tends to weaken her po
since every little speck or failing in her charact
detected and magnified into a fault, that when we
ed together in the balance with their own, theirs
seem less heavy.

But while we thus present the difficulties of
position, we are far from saying that a sister ha
influence. She is a monitress milder than a mot
and while she loses power from the nearness of
and the sameness of station with her brothers
sisters, she acquires a love less restrained.
there is something holy and pure in the love
sister which commends itself even to youthful mi
In all those trivial acts which constitute the pl
ures, as well as those which form the trouble
youth, she is ever ready to partake; her smile in
and her tear in wo are always freely given, so
she mingles in all the hopes and fears of the you
members of her family; and having thus won t
esteem, she has obtained an influence over them
which she may convey counsel and advice, the
itude she has evinced disarming it of reproof,
when it does not array it in the garb of love.
then that she may breathe words of peace and tr
striving to infuse those sentiments which give to
manity all its dignity, and to destroy those
which tarnish its brightness.

But whatever be her circumstances, a sister has always the power of influencing by example. There is a lesson taught to her brothers and her sisters by every action which is performed. They are softened by her kindness—they are instructed in piety by her virtue; for while a good action conveys a reproof to an evil one, it at the same time stimulates to the performance of similar virtuous deeds. And we think that such effects are very rarely thrown away. Her influence has gone far to soften down the rugged and boisterous spirits of youth, and to teach patience, forbearance, and love. It has been through her mild reasonings that passions have been conquered and pride subdued—through her gentle solicitations that the side of virtue was embraced, kindness performed, generosity practised, and her brothers and sisters brought to entertain love toward one another and good-will to mankind.

Oh! not more surely is the influence of the sunlight felt upon this earth, than the influence of a virtuous and amiable sister is felt in a family.

The mantle of night is thrown over all, and nature appears wrapped in sad and solemn garb. There is no beauty in the landscape, and no melody in the air. The owl and the bat alone wing their flight around, like death roaming over the ruins of desolation.

And thus it is with a family who have never felt the influence of a sister's love. All to them is night—a dark and rayless season, with nothing of beauty and nothing of melody; dark passions and sombre thoughts alone have full play, giving sadness to the aspect and sternness to the scene. There has been nothing to call good thoughts and bright actions into being, and they sleep like flowers in the night amidst darkness and gloom. But let the bright beams of a sister's love shine upon that household, *and a change is wrought* as vast as that effected on *creation when*, at the summons of the morning, the

sun "cometh forth from his chamber," and makes all light and life. Bright thoughts, amiable feelings, and glorious hopes are excited, beautiful and enchanting as flowers when kissed by the sunlight of a bright and joyous morning.

But it is necessary, before concluding this chapter, to advert to the general influence of woman.

"Whatever," says the authoress of 'Woman's Mission,' "may be the customs and laws of a country, woman alone gives tone to morals." And accordingly we find that wherever men are debased, women are degraded—and wherever men are exalted, women hold a high place in the community: and this statement holds good, however far back in the histories of nations we carry our research. It is not sufficient to say that we take different countries, affected by different climates, and therefore producing different effects upon the tempers and habits of those contrasted. Compare but ancient Greece with modern Turkey—the same country, only peopled by a different race of men. The skies which canopy that land are as bright and sunny as ever, and the soil is as fertile and productive. No blight has gone over the land, condemning it to sterility for ever—no strange convulsion of nature has blotted out the sun from her skies; yet look at the difference: the one was exalted as high as human thought and reason, unassisted by revelation, could raise a nation; the other is debased and degraded, almost to the lowest depths of superstition and ignorance. And in looking at these two cases, in one we find that women were treated with deference and respect; in the other they are brought down to the level of slaves.

There was not in Greece as there is in Turkey, a trafficking in women; they were not sold as merchandise, but on the contrary were respected as *wives and* mothers. And such being the case, *though* surrounded with barbarism, and amid dar

and silent slavery, Greece rose to brightness and glory, and shone like a star in the firmament when all around is wrapped in cloud and gloom. And in thus recognising the rights of women, and exalting them to their due place and rank in society, Greece formed the noble path by which she walked to greatness. Thus, when the Persians came down in their pomp and pride, thinking to crush the little band of patriot Greeks, there rose up against them a great moral power—a power the Persians had not reckoned upon; and this power was derived from the love of country and of home—a country and a home which owed their charms to the fact that it was there a mother's watchfulness, a wife's endearments, a sister's affection, and a daughter's love had been felt; and these had garnered up the hearts of the sons of Greece as within a sacred shrine, so that they felt it would be indeed to "bear no life," were they deprived of country with its endearing ties and associations; and when the hosts of the invader burst like a storm upon Athens, then was made manifest the respect and attachment with which in that city the female part of the population was regarded and esteemed. They left not their wives and their families in the power of the Persians, thinking that when peace was again restored their homes could be again peopled by a fresh import of slaves. Neither were the women indifferent, conscious that whatever happened, it would be but exchanging one set of tyrants for another, and that they under one as well as under the other would still be slaves. Such would have been done by the Persians; but the Greeks considered that their mothers, their wives, and their families, were their true household deities, and regarded them as the most precious of their possessions. They had felt the *influence of woman* in the quiet domestic circle; *from her they* derived great and glorious sentiments, *and by her* it was that their affections were

centred on their country and their homes; and th
were they nerved to withstand the hostile hosts
the East. And even when deserting for a time th
homes and their country, the influence of wom
was still felt. Though not so strong in actio
women are yet more patient in endurance than me
and this was shown when the time came that Athe
was to be left to the rage of Xerxes. It may ha
been by their conduct that that high and undaunt
spirit which so peculiarly characterized the Athe
ans during that memorable war acquired its f
vency and depth. Then, in that general scene
distress and disaster, when all were to become
iles from their homes, and vainly hoped for pleasu
such as had there fallen to their lot—then, when t
fond mothers nestled their unconscious babes to th
bosoms, and wept over them tears of unavaili
sorrow, hardly able to break away from pla
where they had so long resided, and which had
strong a hold upon the affections—when the wi
the daughter, and the lover, all with streaming e
and broken hearts, passed slowly away, sorrowi
not so much for themselves, as for those they h
so dear, and who had such a fearful strife, to
counter ere they could hope to see them aga
solicitous, as they must have been, more for oth
than for themselves; weeping, not so much t
they had to quit the city, as that their dearest re
tions had to fight the foe: they thus imparted
influence and a power, the mere recollection
which must have been sufficient to infuse cour
into the most timid, and make them stand manfu
against the invaders.

And as Greece was the first of the heathen
tions in which women, in any degree, had th
rights granted them, so was it the nation whi
rose to the greatest pre-eminence—a pre-emine
mainly to be attributed to the truth that women
the power of influencing the people as mothe

r as friends. And if asked what it was in reece appears most glorious, we should not t Greece in which the arts rose to such a s to baffle the attempts of succeeding ages them; nor that Greece, in whose deeds of chronicled the combats of Marathon, Ther- and Salamis; nor that Greece, from whose ng up the greatest men who ever appeared is globe, so that even now we regard the re they dwelt as sacred ground, still haunt- eir memory, and hallowed by their ashes; Greece whose philosophers, in their lofty penetrated the mist which shrouds the fu- d by the strength of intellect alone, almost a complete system of theology,—so much even now we follow their reasonings, and ht by their works. It is not any of these to Greece her greatest glory; but Greece, breaking from the cloud of barbarism that led her, advanced her women from the state s to the rank of companions—established —and thought of ameliorating the condition itherto neglected multitude.

different a picture is presented to us by the nations of the East! What a fearful rec- he history of Nineveh or Babylon, where en were degraded to slavery! no home—no —all degradation; and their history, like l of the Prophet, "written, within and with- th lamentation, and mourning, and wo;" ntry covered with domestic prisons, where in slavery attends only the caprices of a

was the state of the ancient nations, and this day is the lamentable state of the wo- Turkey—a state the most deplorable and *ecause they* have to repay even their servi- *the most* tender solicitude, or, what is still

worse, with a love they do not feel. All their education tends to moral debasement; each virtue is constrained; even their pleasures are melancholy and involuntary; and after a few years their old age becomes long and frightful. From these can be expected no moral influence—no influence of generous sentiments—no smile in joy, or tear in sorrow. In fact, joy or sorrow is alike to them; they must feel that at best they are but slaves—and slavery, whatever aspect it may assume, or by whatever name it may be called, chains down the mind, and brings nothing but degradation and sorrow and remorse.

And this would be the case were every country of the globe to be brought under review: it would be found that those states and people were the greatest and the happiest, in which women possessed the power of a friend; for it seems to be a law of nature, that man can not elevate the female character without becoming better and more elevated himself.

It was not, indeed, until Christianity was introduced, that woman rose to her due place; for while appealing to Greece, we are far from saying that even in that country woman was treated as reason dictates she should have been. Christianity, and Christianity alone, exalted woman to her true position; for it regarded her as man's equal—not in physical strength and mental endowments, but equal as a rational, accountable, and immortal being—equal in having duties to perform and the same heaven to gain. And as if it was only needed that the chain which bound women to slavery should be broken in order to restore them to the position their Maker intended, no sooner did the light of Christianity beam upon a land, than woman became conspicuous for deeds of piety and virtue. In the records of the first days of the church their names a mentioned with respect and esteem; no ban

placed upon them to separate them from the other sex; and be it recorded to the praise of women, that when our Lord Christ was brought to ignominy and death, females' eyes were the only ones that wept, and theirs the only tongues that uttered lamentations. Men were too proud to sorrow, even over this most touching of spectacles; but they followed the lowly yet wonderful Being, whom they were about to crucify, with indifference and curiosity; and women also followed, but with very different feelings: theirs the plaintive cry, the wail and the moan; from their eyes rolled the tear of pity and sorrow: and thus by woman was humanity rescued from the opprobrium of leaving the divine Savior to die unlamented, unhonored, or unwept.

And this instance is an example of the influence of woman—an influence exerted by means of piety, compassion, and love; and in every scene where these can have full play, there is her influence most apparent. In those hours of retirement, when resolutions are formed, when the heart is prepared to baffle against the waves of the stormy sea of life, there is it that woman has power; she alone is always ready to prompt to good and noble undertakings. Wherever pain could be assuaged or consolation administered, there too woman has power: for by giving the law that all should love one another, Christianity turned the sensibility of woman's nature into pity. And then they sought for objects upon whom to bestow compassion; they enlisted their noble energies in the service of indigence and pain; and the tears of beauty were often shed in the hovels of misery, while the hands of kindness were raised to alleviate the sufferings of the unhappy inmates.

And thus, too, is it felt in our own land to this day. *Acting upon the* heart of man by kindness *and sensibility, by* piety and love, they soften down *the rugged heart,* and draw for a time the thoughts

from the cheating pleasures of the world, as from the anguish of care and sorrow.

The influence of woman is also felt in The bright glance of her eye has lost no lustre since the days of chivalry, when r warriors grasped the lance, and met in mo flict, to win a smile from her cheek, or a fa her hand. Men are now as eager to gain c dation from women, and are as ready to for thing they hold blamable, as formerly, or t take what they consider praiseworthy, for of the approbation of the fair; and if this how much must the refinement, manners, a its of society depend upon them! They h to discountenance anything they may regar proper, either in conversation or behavior, is stopped at once. Let but "Discretion the brow" of any female when in society, will be able to restrain anything she may r indecorous. Where woman maintains th rank of her sex, she has but to show her d certain conversation or behavior, and with ing up enemies, or even forfeiting the good of those she condemns, she may restrain o If, when scandal is busied in destroying the a neighbor, she remains silent, and by her shows that she disapproves of the subject, soon be dropped to be resumed no more. the witty jest, though bordering on indel profaneness, be uttered, she refrains from and expresses her abhorrence by a frown, it again be repeated. Thus might we speal various outbreaks against the rules of goo ing, but which are too often allowed in soc but a woman be always decided, not repr words, yet showing by her manner that she enjoyed the jest, and there is nothing, whet in temper, manner, or speech, which she restrain.

In the cause of religion also is woman's influence felt. During the time that the Lord Jesus dwelt upon the earth, women were his friends, ready at all times to show zeal in his cause, and love for himself. And when he ascended into heaven, their devotedness to the cause of his religion remained firm and unshaken. To them may be ascribed the conversion of numbers eminent for their rank, abilities, or piety; and to a woman it is that Britain is indebted for the inestimable blessings of Christianity. By them was martyrdom suffered in the cause of truth, when persecution in its direst form rose up against the new religion, and strove to crush it by cruelly torturing the believer in it. And at whatever period in the history of the Church we pause, we shall always find that women have shown more zeal for religion than men, more earnest in making converts, and by example instructing others in piety and virtue.

In another way also has woman been the benefactor of her race—in founding and conducting many of the establishments which diffuse religious knowledge throughout the land. Of what use would the Sunday-school be without woman? Who among men displays that patience, that unwearied zeal in instilling the principles of religion into the hearts of children, thus diffusing influence through numberless parishes, families, and households?

Again, in those public charities, whatever they may be, which have for their end the amelioration of the wretchedness of the human race, how much is derived from the influence of woman! To her is it that these societies owe their great efficacy. Gold could not give it to them; it must be derived from the bestowal of time and thought; and turn where we will in the path of benevolence, we find that everywhere has the hand of woman been actively employed. And there is a voice which declares that her influence is felt at all times, and in all pla-

ces; at home or abroad—at her own fire
society, she is continually influencing the c
others: in teaching kindness and comp
instructing in duty to God and man—in
for the orphan in bereavement, and the
her loneliness—in relieving the poor in t
tution, and the dying in their agony—she
ing her goodness, and with her goodness
ence.

Not without meaning was it that the
painted the mild and retiring virtues as
Whatever of grace, or beauty, or truth, is
the world, may be in a great measure att
woman. Let man strive with nature,
each of his victories become more proud;
her victories woman becomes yet more soft
thus binds to home and leads to civilizat
conquests are those of love and pity; and t
the power of so reproducing themselves,
becomes less sullen in his nature, less pro
bearing, and learns to catch something of t
ful, the tender, and the sublime.

Oh woman! the man of old was hard
when he declared that thy power was gre
any other on earth. It is indeed great:
power over man in all intimate and endea
tionships, instructing him by precept and
and drawing him from the rough and th
path by thy own beauty and gentleness. It
but that thy education should be such th
should be thy attendant, and then wouldst
invincible. As it is, thy power is vast and
ful; strong only by being weak, conquering
gentle. Binding by kindness and compas
power is like an enchanted circle, beyond wh
can pass, though thou holdest them in no
and bindest them by nothing firmer than l
a daughter, or a sister's love

CHAPTER IV.

SOCIETY.

"In Society woman should ever bear with her a deep conviction of the power she there exercises."—THE ENGLISH MAIDEN.

"SHOW me," says Chesterfield, "a man's companions, and I will tell his character."

Formed as the human family are for social life, so that they seem to be bound by one great chain, the choice of companions can form no barren or unprofitable topic.

If we consider how strong a disposition there is in every heart to imitation, so that persons are almost sure to become like those with whom they associate, like them in disposition, in manners, in feelings, it will, at once, be obvious how important a thing it is to choose for companions those who have good actions and noble sentiments, and virtuous feelings to recommend them.

Society is the great nurse of feeling and intellect. Words spoken in hours of relaxation or idleness never die; they fall upon the heart when all is calm and unruffled, and sink down into its lowest recesses. They may seem to have been forgotten, seem to have made no impression; but they soon germinate in that soil, and as quickly bring forth fruit.

Teachers, in all ages, have been eloquent on the power of Society; knowing well that upon it depended whether the instructions they had been giving to the young mind would be of any avail or not. And, with equal force, the inspired penman has registered the same truth. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise," says Solomon; and with equal truth the great champion of Christianity writes, "Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners." Each, then, distinctly states, that a person will assimilate or grow like to those

with whom they form a friendship, both in disposition and feeling. There can not be a good understanding between persons who hold opinions and principles exactly opposite: there will be felt in the mind a sort of uneasiness lest utterance should be given to sentiments with which it is known your companions disagree. Then there will arise the wish to stand well with them; and this can never be done until those opinions which they dislike are got rid of or abandoned.

Feeling, therefore, how important it is for the young female to have proper companions, we shall enter somewhat more into particulars than our limits ordinarily allow us, and state at full length characters which should be shunned, and those whose good will and friendship you should be assiduous to obtain.

Now we suppose the readers of this chapter to be young—just entering upon life, with full powers and capacities, but before habits have wound round them any heavy chain. The force of companionship tells in a much greater degree on woman than on man: with the latter, occupied as he is in this busy world, events crowd so quickly on his mind, that few make a very lasting impression, and it is only from the constant companionship with the irreligious and immoral that he becomes tainted with their viciousness; and, on the other hand, the friction of the world soon obliterates the fine line which the virtuous and moral may have endeavored to trace on the mind of one reckless and indifferent. But with woman it is not so. Dwelling in retirement—left in solitude for hours together, with no exterior circumstances to call off her attention, it has to feed upon itself. How soon then may not dispositions be formed by companions, when their *most* common sayings are continually presenting *themselves* to the imagination, and pressing upon the *heart!*

Shun then the companionship of an idle man or woman. Fever is not half so catching as idleness, and idleness is the ground in which every evil may find root. To become idle is to let the ground lie fallow, and the enemy may then sow what seeds he will, with the certainty of reaping an abundant harvest.

Make no friendship with the tattler or the tale-bearer; those who relate to you others' secrets will not be over-scrupulous in keeping yours. Persons possessing such a disposition as this ought to have no reliance placed upon them; they make friendships and form associations for the pleasure of worming out secrets, and then relating them with malicious additions and insinuations of their own, to the hurt and injury of those whom they may concern. And those who perform such actions are as guilty as though they had employed the hand in robbery or in murder; they are robbers, in that they have filched others' secrets—they are murderers, in that, by their insinuations and tales, they may have destroyed fair characters and blasted high reputations.

Shun as you would a plague-spot the companionship of the scoffer at religion. Those who can make the Bible a jest-book, and use Scripture as a butt for their witticisms, are the most dangerous companions. We should prefer the openly dissolute to the scoffer at religion: the assassin who enters boldly with the dagger in his hand, is not more to be guarded against than the man who glides in stealthily and poisons the food.

A man who laughs at the Bible has no morality; he may think himself too proud to commit crime, but pride soon falls before desire.

When you make a jest-book of the Bible, you lose all reverence for its Author; and from losing *reverence, soon* begin to disobey. The serpent

puts doubts into the mind, and from doubting we are soon taught to rebel.

A proud man or woman is an unsuitable companion—humility and gentleness should characterize the female sex. Indeed, pride, in no sense, becomes humanity. Pride lost heaven; humility—the humility of God himself—regained it for mankind.

Withdraw from forming an intimacy with the censorious. Those who are habitually finding faults in their friends, are generally worse in disposition than those they condemn; those whose whole time is busied in picking holes in others' garments, can find but few moments to mend their own. Besides, the censorious are always dissatisfied. Earth, though so fair, has no pleasure for them, and they fret and repine at the thoughts of others enjoying happiness, which they fancy is beyond their own reach.

Avoid associating with persons of a revengeful disposition. Those who will nurse the recollection of an offence or an injury must have hearts of gall, and words flowing from such a fountain can be little better than poison.

With the revengeful may be classed the envious. Envy is revenge ere it has grown to maturity. It is a dagger with which the envious wound their own breasts, because fear prevents them from turning it against the bosoms of their rivals.

Take heed not to join with the prodigal or the spendthrift. Riches were given for use—not for abuse; and to squander them away idly and uselessly, is like throwing grain to the wind.

Withhold the hand of friendship from any of your own sex who are given to levity. These tempt the libertine to a trial of their virtue; and if *they* fall, suspicion will glance at your innocence. Scandal and slander soon invent tales, and there are busy-

bodies ever ready to spread them. If it be known that you were a friend of such a one, it will be ground enough for scandal to work upon; and there have fallen may blistering tears from female eyes which have been caused to flow through scandal having given to her part of the wrong-doings of a companion.

Shun the having as your companions gay and profligate young men—men of fashion, as they are called. You are encouraging vice by countenancing them, and at the same time tempt them to make another conquest. We would speak with all earnestness upon this point, though at the same time aware that the subject requires the most delicate handling—for there is nothing half so dangerous to a young female as the homage of such as these.

We know very well that we shall be met with the answers, that they are far more agreeable companions than "sober-minded men," as the opposite class are called in ridicule, and that the brilliant wit, the quick and sparkling repartee, the amusing anecdote, the good taste, all belong to them. This, however, is not the case: the sober-minded men could be as amusing, though they have too nice a sense of decorum to make an attempt inimical to virtue—and it is, after all, but a poor wit which borders on the indelicate or the licentious. But if it were so, what then?—would you rush into the flames because they were fed with spices, or drink poison because hidden in nectar? Receive them as your companions, if you will—enshrine their sayings in your hearts, be pleased with their flatteries: but know that you are playing with a serpent whose sting is death. If you would go through life happily, make it your study to discountenance vice in every shape and every form. A man who, for the sake of being thought witty, would utter an indeli-

cate expression, is not a fit companion for you. No man who says anything which would put modesty to the blush to repeat, is a fit companion for a young female: and it is the foulest blot upon women, that they receive the seducer into their company—treat him as a man of spirit, as a man of honor, as though his crimes gave to him a dignity and worth while his hapless victim is ending her days in shame and poverty, with none to relieve and none to pity. Her own sex!—ha! surely these will have compassion upon a destitute though erring sister they can not shut their hearts and refuse to succor the unfortunate though criminal girl. Oh! strange mistake!—women have compassion for the faults of men—they are ready enough to frame excuses for them, and to represent their vices under as lenient a point of view as possible; but for an erring sister they have contempt, scorn, disgust—anything but compassion.

Mothers! mothers! you who have watched over the infancy and have tended the youth of your daughters! will you suffer such men as these to enter your drawing-rooms at any time as your friends! Rather repel them from your presence with indignation and contempt: for if one of your own sex is in your eyes so highly criminal, much more so should be those of the other—and then would it be that men would at least affect virtue, in place of, as now, triumphing in vice.

Daughters! daughters! you upon whom life is opening fairly and beautifully, and who are just entering upon the world, and upon whom pleasure like a star is shedding a thousand bright and glorious beams, but upon whom the world has not fastened the spells of its fascination, and taught to regard "evil good, and good evil!"—beware of the companionship of such men. They may be witty *and clever*, and amusing; but their hearts are shut *against* everything which adorns humanity. The

will have homage for your beauties, and flatteries ever ready to cheat you of lofty purposes, and noble resolutions. Trust not that you will be proof against their attacks: no garrison is so soon taken as that which slumbers in perfect security.

We would not deprive you of mirth or cheerfulness. No, no! Earth has much sorrow, God knows! The heart should have something to cheer and gladden it. But mirth may be enjoyed without such society as this—"for the end of such mirth is heaviness."

It is the most dangerous of all things for a woman, and especially a young woman, to form association with men such as those we speak of. Women are naturally disposed to seek for admiration from the other sex, and the gay world is regarded as the theatre for their charms to be displayed; pleasure, too, has a luring voice, enticing them to mix with the gay and the mirthful; but when once a woman has given herself up to flattery, or can listen unmoved to the ribald jest, or the witticism with its double meaning, which is the more surely poisoning from its import being hidden, she is lost—nothing of after-amendment will avail her anything. In the Arabian Fables, a mountain of attraction is represented as having had the power of drawing all the fastenings from ships which approached it, so that in an instant they went to pieces; and, at the same time, the current at the foot of this mountain ran so strongly, that when a ship approached near, it was drawn onward without the possibility of return. Such is the world: pleasure is like that fabled mountain, and the thoughts and desires are a strong current rushing wildly at its base. Heed should be taken to steer away from this dangerous sea, lest, in a moment of unguardedness, any one be hurried down *to this attractive* mountain. Then will little *avail good resolutions* and virtuous intentions; then *of no use will be a mother's* admonitions and a broth-

er's prayers; the spell of the sorcerer is upon the victim, and as she is drawn onward, these fly away like the nails from the ship, and leave her at length a wreck upon the waters. And many a noble bark, laden with rich and beautiful things—with beauty, talent, amiableness, and goodness—has, by trusting to this dangerous strand, been shattered and rent—a thing for the waves which have brought her there to sport with her ruin, and the winds to pass over and laugh at her shame.

Avoid mixing arrows with those who launch the shafts of Ridicule—it is showing a mean spirit to laugh at the faults or failings of another. If they be such that you can improve, strive to do so; if not, it is cruel to add to the pain which the possessor must suffer, by making him or her the object of laughter or contempt.

Linked with ridicule, is the vice of Detraction. It is the endeavor to lessen another's talents or worth, that we ourselves may shine the brighter by the comparison.

And, lastly—Let not a friendship be entered into with the hard-hearted. It displays a want of the great Christian principle—namely, the loving one another—when any one is indifferent to the tale of distress. Let it be called stoicism, or any other name, to palliate it—it is still wrong; for when once the sensibilities of woman's nature are blunted, she loses her greatest power of influencing, and ceases at once either to please or harm.

In choosing companions the opposite characters to hose just mentioned should be selected. Wherever you see any one possessing an amiable disposition, unaffected meekness, and unostentatious goodness, with that person should you be solicitous to form an acquaintance;—one possessing a *disposition more* ready to praise than to blame—a *disposition which* "thinketh no ill of a neighbor," and *which is* always ready to look at the bright rath

than at the dark side of others' characters. In choosing a friend you should look to the heart, and let not the most showy accomplishments be an apology for insincerity or hollowness; on the contrary, see that virtue and piety have their throne there, and then may you expect your friendship to bring happiness and joy: with such a one you may "hold sweet converse;" and in all those trials which fall to the lot of humanity you will find in such a friend succor and consolation.

From a friendship like this incalculable benefit must be derived; noble thoughts and generous sentiments will be inculcated, good resolutions formed and fostered, piety taught, meekness, kindness, and gentleness, encouraged, and that "Charity which never faileth" instilled into the mind; and as your dispositions assimilate, so will the pleasure derived from each other's society become increased.

Then too, as you increase in goodness, so will you in happiness: for as perfect goodness is perfect happiness, as you increase in the goodness of heaven, so will you partake in a larger degree of the happiness thereof.

Trust not to the world's standard, or that those who are her favorites have exemplary characters. The world and its votaries are hollow and unfeeling, smiling in prosperity, but regarding those they most affect to admire with a cold look when adverse fortune comes. Trust not to friendship such as this; whatever its attractiveness, like the beautiful flowers of the cistus, it blooms only in the sunshine, and the first night-cloud that gathers is a signal for those bright teints to fade. How often is the exclamation uttered that friends have proved treacherous, and deserted when the time of trouble came on! How acute is the pain caused by the withdrawal of friendship! *Yet such* friendships are not worth *keeping. Select, then,* for friends those only who *possess in the greatest* degree these cardinal vir-

tues—piety, virtue, meekness, goodness, and
for by so doing, friendship will form a source
mingled happiness; but if contrary dispositio
the ones chosen, nothing can be expected but
pointment. All are ready to profess friendship
hours of health or prosperity—very few prove
sickness or in sorrow.

In youth in particular should the choice of
be a subject of great consideration. This wor
cheating world, hiding under a mask many de
ties. In the bright days of beauty all should b
whom they enrol in the catalogue of friends; fo
may it be said to each, that

"Thou'lt have false friends around thee to cheat and beguil
And when fortune is smiling they also will smile:
Like a lake's treach'rous waters, which look bright and b
When the heaven's above them are beautiful too.
But when sorrow and trouble shall come to your door,
Those you thought would befriend will be friendly no more
Like swallows who vanish when winter draws nigh,
They will leave when the tempest-cloud darkness the sky

But, on the contrary, the friendship of true
increases with the opportunities of showing ki
and commiseration. With them, the greate
need, the more their kindnesses increase, a
more disinterested will appear their conduct;
like heroic warriors, would throw their shields
wounded friend, though in so doing they leav
own breasts exposed to danger.

We shall now consider the behavior of won
society.

In the first place, there should be gentlen
manner; and at the same time it should be
and free—no affectation on the one side,
mock-modest pretence of little worth on the o
neither extending to boldness, nor yet kept ba
excessive timidity and reserve—though the la
a far more pardonable fault than the other; l
merely echoing another's sentiments, and ex

ing no opinion of her own, she does not come up to the proper height—she does not exercise the power of reason, that noblest faculty of humanity. Her manner should be unconstrained and frank, without ostentation or a vain attempt at display, showing herself pleased with well-meant efforts to make her so, and studious to afford pleasures to all around her. And, as she should not, on the one hand, shut herself up in herself, so neither should she, on the other, evince readiness to enter into conversation with any one—a conversation of flippant remark and senseless small-talk.

The feeling proper for a woman when she enters into society is this: to give no pain to any one, and to contribute as much as possible to others' pleasures; not to think self the sole engrossing object, not to swell with secret envy if another surpass her in beauty or dress, or have greater attentions paid her. In society a woman should set herself against flattery, either as a giver or receiver. There is a vast difference between praise and flattery. It is right both to give and receive commendations for good actions, as it is a powerful stimulus to the continuance of performing them; but to be pleased with flattery displays a littleness of mind—for flattery is praise undeserved, and if received when not due, it can but puff up with unreal notions of one's own goodness, and blind the eyes to the discerning of our own faults.

Neither should affectation be resorted to. This is, at best, but a base cheat; for it is the attempt to pass off a goodness or virtue one does not possess. Though, indeed, it is not thus that affectation is generally resorted to. It is generally used to show an extreme of sensibility—an affected delicacy—a fastidious refinement. True it is that sensibility and delicacy are the greatest charms of the female sex. But it is a sensibility which prompts them to succor, and not one which expects them to shrink

from suffering. And which, we ask, is the likely to be admired—a woman who goes in at the sight of a spider, or one who closes the eyes of a dear relative when the light of li faded?

In society a woman should behave in a manner, always observing this great principle- to others just as she would wish to be done by their case hers; she will then win respect fron treating all with frankness and simplicity, sp her sentiments truly, and seeking nothing c guise, will secure the esteem of the wise and in whatever state of society she may be called to move.

Knowing how great a power she holds in s woman should always strive to exercise it She should be studious to please by good sen cheerfulness, not by personal attractions. W the former, the latter soon loses its charn although a female may be possessed of it in degree, and have added thereto the modern a plishments of music, drawing, and dancing, ye without the addition of higher attainments w her neither esteem nor love.

The surest beauty is that of the soul rathe that of the body. For the utterance of a nobl timent gives a charm to features which m boast of the teints of beauty; and on the other the most exquisitely modelled features lose th tractiveness when the lips have given utterance pressions arising from the existence of male passions.

To other acquirements should be added a so engaging manner of speaking: because this indicates a mild and gentle disposition—not fected mincing of words and syllables, but w loudness and parade. There is a great w conversational talent in the present day; fc most part women speak in one unvaried ton

none would be able to discern from the voice that the heart had anything to do with the conversation. It should be laid down as a rule, to speak the thoughts freely. Speech is a costly gift—strange and wonderful, that by it we can let another know the secret things which agitate our own breast, and with it can knock at the door of another's heart, and thus approach a solitude otherwise inaccessible. Speech is thought imbodied, giving substance to the ethereal, and sound to the silent; and to humanity alone, of all the tribes which dwell upon the globe, has it been given, as if nothing less than a being with a soul had a right to be endowed with the power of speech.

And if speech be thus costly and wonderful, surely its cultivation ought to be attended to—not indeed for the sake of show and effect, but because it gives greater power of instructing. The power of the human voice is very vast; and though it is not fit that woman in speaking should assume a pompous diction, or attempt an oratorical display, yet should the voice be varied so as to suit the subject of conversation. As is the tone of the mind, so should be the tone of the voice. If it be a tale of pity and suffering which is being related, a woman should show by her voice that she has a heart which can feel for the woes of another. If it be in praise of another, let her show by her voice that it is her genuine feelings to which she is giving utterance. If such pains are worth taking in learning how to sing, it would surely be worth while learning how to speak; the latter is far more useful than the former, and at the same time far more pleasing. In speaking, the manner should be natural; as we may learn from the interest attached to the prattle of children—they give utterance to their feelings openly and unconstrained, and they soon enlist attachment and love. If this practice were resorted to, much of the disguise and heartlessness of society

would be done away with. The voice is now but a very imperfect criterion by which to judge of feelings, and is used more as a disguise than anything else. How many "polite speeches" are made containing nothing but disguised opinions and hollow flatteries! and though true politeness consists in not hurting another's feelings, it should not be carried so far as to give utterance to a falsehood, and thus cause us to forfeit our own self-esteem.

Society, then, should be entered into with a high and noble intention, and not merely with the thought that it offers room for greater display; and none should ever bow down to be its slaves; for when any woman becomes a slave to the pleasures of society, she departs from her true place and is all but lost. Excited only for the few hours she is enjoying the pleasures, and during the rest of her time subjected to a languor termed *ennui*—a languor which English vocabularies have no name for, and have borrowed the expression from a neighboring nation—life must pass away without friends, without the exercise of mind, and therefore without real enjoyment; for the path of pleasure is a delusive road, strewed with flowers rich and beautiful to the eye, but fading by a touch: still exciting, still disappointing—giving pleasure to the fancy, but pain to the soul, life must flit away without satisfaction, and death draw on with a thousand terrors—the future without a ray of hope, as the past has been without one of happiness: for a life of active usefulness can alone afford lasting pleasure to an immortal mind.

CHAPTER V.

BOOKS.

"Oh! thou that shall presume to tread
This mansion of the mighty dead,
Come with a free, untainted mind;
The nurse, the pedant, leave behind."—LANGHORNE.

THERE is scarcely a theme of so much importance to the female part of the community as the choice of books. With men the case is very different: mingling and mixing with the busy world without, the ideas of right and wrong—the tone of their morals, the acquirement of knowledge—is in a great degree formed at the mart and the exchange, by the things which are continually passing before them in their every-day business, and by the companions with whom their leisure hours are passed. But woman, nursed and brought up in comparative solitude, gathers much of her knowledge from books. These are her great instructers: from these are derived the thoughts of what the world deems good or ill. And very marvellous is the power of books, so that one person in a distant age and clime may become familiar with the feelings of another. The letters upon their pages, like the cabalistic figurings of the astrologer or the magician, reveal the secrets of the heart and of the grave. In those mystic letters falsehood and truth are equally conveyed, and a person may be led from the perusal of merely a single volume to deeds of goodness or to works of crime. They carry us back through the waste of ages, telling the histories of all the nations which have flourished on this globe; they unfold the researches of the astronomer in his marvellous scrutiny of the glittering firmament, glowing as it does with the burning scroll which the finger of the Almighty has written, and

too bright and beautiful for man to decipher. They speak of the heavings and throes of the philosopher's mind, as in his silent study he mapped down, as though intimate with the workings of the human heart, the road by which virtue reached to happiness, and vice ended in misery. They reveal the many and curious processes which nature carries on in her secret laboratories; so that the naturalist may be followed in his minute observations on the wonder-workings of our God,—and the miner, as he ransacks the earth's bosom in search of buried gems—or the navigator, who, stirred up by the spirit of adventure, trusts his frail bark to the treacherous billows, and snatches new lands from the wide waste of waters. And each and all are eloquent of wonders—wonders which magnify as the student advances onward in the research, till, from the works, the mind rises to contemplate that majestic Being himself who robed the earth in so magnificent a garb, and crowded marvel upon marvel when he filled it with life. Books on these, and subjects like these, may be read with safety; for though the philosopher might err, it would be but the erring of a good man anxious to improve his fellow-mortals, and if wrong at all, erring on "virtue's side."

But what can be said of books of an opposite tendency, and which, alas! are too much in vogue at the present day? How numerous are the works of an infidel character! how much more numerous those of an immoral! What a host of romances, and tales, and poems, which, though they may not fall under the denomination of either, work no other effect upon the mind than to fill it with fancies and follies! giving unreal notions of the world, and unfitting us for the duties of life, by bringing the mind to contemplate a state of things which never existed, save in the imagination of the writers, and giving an oblique view of men and women, because teaching

haracters to be studied, the counterparts of whom ever dwelt upon our globe.

If a book is offered to any which in their conience they can not approve, let it be set aside as nworthy of perusal—never let the cleverness of a ork be an apology for infidelity, nor the most pturous and highly-wrought poetry serve to mask nmorality. If a book contain sentences which ould not with propriety be read aloud, it should be bstained from being read at all. That which, to ention, would call a blush to the cheek, is not fit to e read in secret.

Books like these may properly be called the works f an enchantress who seeks to destroy, by giving beauty to infidelity and a melody to crime; and ll may, if they will, go down to the cave of the izard, and drink of that draught which fires the nagination, and cause whosoever drinks to pant for esh draughts,—though thus to fire the imagination is to shrivel up virtue, and to drink of those raughts is to poison the veins.

The wizard may begin his conjurations and nagic, and at the waving of his wand the glowing trains of poetry float on the breeze with siren-like nelodiousness, cheating the senses and carrying off the feelings; but poetry which speaks in flowing erse of immoral love, or by its numbered syllables hrows a veil over the abominations of vice, is unfit or reading. It may be glowing in style, rich in anguage, brilliant in metaphor, tearful in pathos, glorious in description; but it hides under all a lebasing and degrading tendency, chaining down he mind to the earth-born and the grovelling—and s this reading fit for those whose destiny is heaven, whose lifetime is eternity?

The like may be said of a certain class of novels nd works of fiction. Romances which exalt men of immorality into heroes—which make the thief, he murderer, and the seducer, subjects for admiration,

and almost imitation, through the falseness of coloring—should be thrown aside with abhorre Books such as these should be carefully shun their tendency must be injurious—they give u notions of right and wrong, and smooth down repulsiveness of vice—they make men to be adn who should be treated with abhorrence, just bec they may have a blind courage, and, reckless of do deeds of daring and wonder.

If poetry must be read, the choice should fa the lays of the noble bards who have swept harp-strings to the adorning of virtue, and nc those who have ministered to vice. If works of tion must enliven the dull hour, let those be sele which have good men for their subject, and v for their aim and end—not those which make roes of men who have disgraced humanity by crimes.

A well-filled library is generally the sign well-stored mind, and the owner of a good lib is almost instinctively treated as a woman of kn edge and talent. But who could form a friend with a woman whose whole stock of knowledg gathered from the romance, the tale, and the l sonnet? Oh! miserable must be the man who such a woman as his partner for life! He is n ried, yet without a companion—has a wife, bu destitute of a friend; for her mind is occupied with frivolous things. Without knowledge of duties—or, knowing them, quite ignorant as to they are to be performed:—ignorant of what lif because her whole time has been spent in rea books which picture an unreal state of thing looking for homage such as her favorite heroes alv paid to the female sex, and expecting that life w pass away in a state of dreamy happiness;— whole time is spent in dress, or in listlessly peru the works of her favorite authors. Alas for her l band!—of all solitudes, his is the most solit

ere is no point upon which they can dwell together, d he feels that though his evenings be spent with wife, he is still alone.

Alas for that wife!—her lot has in it anything but ppiness. The years of youth and beauty soon away, and where then shall she find her fancied mage? Without mind—without knowledge, her ciety will be shunned; her husband's affection ll have died away: her children's will never have en gained; and, in the society of those of her own x as ignorant as herself, her time will be spent in ying into other people's affairs, from the want of owledge to engage in her own. And thus passes e life of a rational and accountable being, beginning vanity and ending in scandal!

But in thus speaking against the works of fiction, ether in prose or poetry, we are far from saying at such ought never to be read. For amusement, to pass away a dull hour, they may frequently be sorted to; or when the mind has been worked on by care or trouble, books of light reading (that of course, where their tendency is not of an imoral nature) serve to calm and sooth. All we ntend for is, that the poem and the tale should not m the basis of reading: it were folly to suppose at woman's mind could only contain the love-sont and the fable. Works of a higher standard an these should be the ones constantly perused, d the light ones left for hours of recreation and nusement.

Philosophy is not an improper study for woman. ney are accountable beings—they have souls to be ved—a day of judgment will come to them as to en, and the actions of both will determine the ntence. How, then, are those books improper hich urge to virtue, when the path to virtue is the ad to heaven? But here, too, a warning is necesry. Infidel books are deluging the land, weaving btle arguments whose fallacy it may not be in their

power to disprove, and whose sophistries
not be able to unravel. Let books like th
aside. A woman may perform her part as a
without being able to disprove every falseh
gainsay every casuist; though she certainly
if she never reads books which good men l
ten to guide a wandering mind, and lead it
virtue, goodness, amiability, and charity, to t
of pleasure or the wiles of vice.

History should be familiar to the female-
chain which connects the present wih byg
and the experience of the worthies of ol
is to be gathered from its perusal. It is t
of the various revolutions of which the
been the scene—of the rise and progress of
of the actions of men who have distinguish
selves by talents and learning, as well as t
have made themselves notorious by infamy a
It is the book from which this great truth ma
ered—that, whether in individuals or nations
always sure to issue in good, and vice in dis

Biography should not be neglected—i
marking out the several steps which t
have trodden in the road to eminence, and
lates to exertion while it humbles the m
sense of its inferiority. Especially shoul
make themselves familiar with the lives of
their own sex who have adorned the differe
tries of the globe. The record of their
temptations—their misgivings and doubting
finally triumphant, seems to speak with
ing earnestness to those now alive, urgin
performance of good actions, and assuring th
there may be much to discourage and p
last victory will crown present efforts, as i
past. They, as is the lot of mortals
hours of sickness and sorrow—of trial an
tion, and perhaps in far greater measure
have; and it takes much from repining, v

inks that others have patiently endured far more
ıguish than falls to our own share. A captive who
lamenting that the golden sunlight finds its way
to his narrow cell but in a dull and sallow hue, will
:ase to repine on reflecting that the tenant of the
ljoining cell has not even a struggling ray to cheer
is dismal solitude.

Astronomy should be studied; for it is leading the
iind to soar to the contemplation of the works of the
lmighty where most wonderful and most glorious.
/ho that gazes upon the heavens brilliantly illu-
inated with star and planet does not feel the heart
ow with homage to that Being who studded the
ue firmament with such bright jewels, and gave
em as lights to the earth? These shining orbs
hich move so stately and magnificenlty, and with
ch perfect order—these tell of the greatness of God
ore plainly than any created object beside. All
ıe but these seems transient and vanishing; but
ese are as bright as on the first morning of creation,
d still will shine purely and unsullied when gener-
on after generation of mankind shall have risen and
:d away.

And these bright worlds, which so charm us by
eir beauty, demand that something shall be known
them. Lighting the heavens, and burning like
nps round the throne of God, can we look upon a
ır without our thoughts rising to their great Creator?
ıall they come, when the sun goes down, as from
ep caverns, and, like spangles in the veil of dark-
:ss, glisten upon this earth, and only be regarded
ith silent wonder, or gazed upon for their beauty?
It is, indeed, a beautiful study to marshal this host,
ıd call them by their names, and to glean scattered
timations of the real end of the creation. And by
ıis wonderful study we become acquainted with
'orlds which lie beyond our knowledge, and almost
affle Science to compute the distance. Yet by this
'e visit these bright spots, and become acquainted

with secrets hidden from common view; and in contemplating these wonders, mind assumes its superiority over matter—freeing itself from earth, it bounds into unmeasured space, and extends its research ever to infinity.

Botany should also form a favorite subject of study for females; and indeed there is scarcely one so beautiful or congenial to the female mind. In all countries have women loved flowers, and been assiduous in cultivating them. Wherever, in the homes of our peasantry, we see the honeysuckle climbing over the porch, the jessamine upon the walls, and the rose and pink flowering in the little patch of ground—there are we sure contentment reigns and compassion dwells; for where the hand cultivates flowers, the heart is generally at peace and full of kindness; and those who feel no delight in a flower derived from the beauty of its teints or the fragrance of its odor, lose a vast and almost incalculable source of delight. There is a deadness in that soul which finds no pleasure in looking upon the woods, meadows, fields, or gardens of our country, where stately trees, waving corn, rich verdure, and beautiful flowers encompass them around. And not only for their colors, their forms, or their odors, are they thus beautiful: they lead the mind to Him who has spread such verdure over the fields, and given such beauty to the landscape, so that we may learn a lesson from the rose and the lily, and be instructed by the grass that springs beneath our feet.

How great is the pleasure of cultivating flowers! not merely in beholding the expanded flower when it spreads forth its glories to the meridian sun; there has also been a pleasure at every stage of its growth, from the moment the seedling peeped above the ground to the period of its appearing in perfect bloom. To watch its growth, to tend, to train it—to observe the gradual development of leaf, bud, and flower, are all so many sources of pure and innocent delight.

Much greater is the pleasure to know the class and order of each particular flower—its varied properties—the marks which distinguish it from others—the family to which it belongs, and the uses it is calculated to accomplish: and this knowledge considerably enhances the pleasure to be derived from cultivation.

And while the cultivation of flowers thus forms a delightful source of study, it is also a healthy and invigorating pursuit; and while it gives pleasure to the mind, it also gives to the body the inestimable blessing of health; and thus does this study in every way contribute to afford both happiness and pleasure. Such secrets are hidden in a single flower—so much may be gathered from even a single blade of grass, that the mind must feel fresh pleasure with every new discovery.

It is recorded of an individual who purposed writing a work on Botany, that he was deterred from doing so merely by the examination of a strawberry. Upon examining the plant, so many curious discoveries were made, that he declared that it would take a man's lifetime to write an account of all the strange circumstances connected with a strawberry. And if this be true, how crowded with wonders are our fields and our gardens! From every flower there comes a voice declaring the greatness of its Creator; from every flower, too, there comes a voice declaring that those to whom that great Creator has given a mind to think, are most happily employed when contemplating the wonders which are everywhere displayed.

To Botany might be added the study of the various wonders of the animal kingdom. This, like the former, is full of information; and though it can not be followed as can the other, yet, at least, an acquaintance should be made with the different habits and peculiarities of the varied species of animated creation.

Geology might also be included. This is the history of bygone revolutions of our planet which

the earth bears in its own bosom—a histo
further back than any written volume,
strange revolutions and convulsions ere
formed: and if the account of the shoc
earthquake or the eruption of a volcano be
avidity, how much more thrilling and startl
does this study tell! It speaks of upheave
tains and dried-up rivers, of eruptions, of vo
of rock and ravine, cataract and ocean,
with strange convulsions—of dry land giv
to the ocean's waves, and of continents
up from the bottom of the deep. It record
of vast tracts of land being suddenly remo
their places, and undergoing a strange and
transformation, of which traces still remain
they have the truth of this disjointing anc
indelibly written and easily understood. G
also the study which has made us acquain
animals and plants which have now no pla
globe—creatures so vast and strange, that
not for the clearest evidences, they would be
as fabulous monsters, existing only in th
nations of the discoverers and plants of
growth and gigantic dimensions, waving
forests and giving shelter to the huge tenai
world. It is this study which tells of the s
changes which this globe has undergone,
was clothed with the rich and beautiful verdu
now robes it, or had for its inhabitants cre
beautiful as those which now have their ho
it. From the lowest to the highest, creat
dwelt upon it, before it became fitted for the
of so noble a creature as man.

And one great reason why Geology sho
study is, that in our own day it is made
of objection to the truth of the Bible: anc
no appeal the Deist is so fond of making
peal to Geology. Therefore, those who wo
for the truth of the Bible ought to be ready t

the objector on his own grounds. The truth of the Sacred Volume will be made more apparent the further science advances. And if geology be a dark study, so that a student has for a guide nothing but the traces of a shell or the foot-print of an insect, it is a study from which deductions vast and luminous are capable of being made. To this study are we indebted for all we know of the world and its inhabitants prior to the creation of man. This study is it which declares to us that the age of the world can not be bounded by six thousand years, and that we ought to assign millions rather than thousands of years as the period of its existence. Millions of years! What a time to compass! To go back this flight of ages, and trace step by step the gradations of beauty with which this earth has been adorned since it came from its Creator's hand; and note the several advances in the scale of animated existence, until the time came when it was fitted for the home of man!

It has been said that geology is a dangerous study, giving to mankind unreal notions of the strength of their own intellect, and inducing them to bring to reason every statement of the Bible. It has indeed shown how vast human reason must be, which can thus from earths and bones, depict the world as it was ages before man came into existence; but if entered upon with a right spirit, it tends far more to humble than to exalt. In days of ignorance and darkness, it was thought that this world, with its crowd of beauties, was created expressly for man, for his pleasures and enjoyment alone; but in place of this, it is shown by this noble science, that the world had been inhabited ages before—thronged with living creatures, who enjoyed perfect happiness, and that man, though the noblest occupant, is the last. We are never afraid of allowing to Reason the widest sweep, because certain that in all her discoveries she is offering fresh

incense on the altar of Revelation. Before the e
cise of reason, men vainly thought that the w
with its glories was created expressly for th
selves; but by the exercise of reason it is discov
that they occupy but a link in that vast chain wl
extends from nothingness to Deity.

Various are the studies which might be incl
as those fit for females to engage in. Chymi
mineralogy, and many others, are but the stu
of the Creator in his works: and these all are b
tiful; these all store the mind with useful kn
edge; these all teach humility—all declare
greatness and goodness of our God, and from
templating the works, we learn to love and re
ence the Divine Author. How eloquently
creation speak of the greatness of Omnipoter
There is a voice in the sun when shining in
glory—in the moon when walking in her brightn
and in the stars when lit up with beauty. F
hill and valley—from forest and field—from b
and bird—from reptile and from insect—f
every stone and from every shell, it rises; and
these join in an anthem to declare that at his c
mand they rose into glory, beauty, wonder,
magnificence. Sublime contemplation—to cont
plate God in the works he has formed—to rel
that all these wonderful things rose into existe
at his Almighty word—and, yet more, to think
while the heavens and all the spangling hosts w
not too great for his power, nothing was to in
nificant to engage his attention; so that while
was calling suns and systems into existence,
giving to worlds their orbits, and peopling imm
sity, he was also polishing the limbs of the minu
insect, and painting in glorious colors the floweret
the field!

And yet how strange it is, that though woma
endowed with reason, and with feelings which
always rising to contemplate the beautiful, yet t

until of late years) she should neglect to study those things where the beautiful is most surely found! She has never been indifferent to the works of God's hands; but it was imagination rather than reason which was at work in contemplating them. She turned her gaze to the sun, and, dazzled by his brightness, thought that there it was that Deity dwelt. She looked upon the moon, and grew enamored of her pale and silvery light, so soft and placid, like her own heart's love. She directed her view to the stars, and fancy painted those bright orbs as the homes for mortals hereafter. But she never thought what those glowing lights were, which, day and night, rose before her. She knew not, nor was she taught to know, what it was gave them their shinings, or caused them to march onward so stately and majestical.

She turned to the earth, and upon whatever her eye rested, there was beauty; but, though she wished, she could not understand the natures and the properties of the various things which surrounded her, and thus half their beauty was lost to her; for the possession of this knowledge gives to everything a double charm, beauty, and attraction.

Hitherto we have spoken of the pleasure derived from contemplating God through the works of creation. There is yet one study more: it is the study of God as he has revealed himself; in other words, the study of the Bible. From this book may be gathered the most sublime of all sciences—knowledge of the Omnipotent. Not of stars and systems; but of him who made them. Not of wild winds and foaming billows; but of him who gathereth the winds into his treasure-house, and "holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hands." Not a study of nature in her curious and multiform beauties, or of nature's laws, though so harmonious, just, and regular; but of him who gave nature all her beauty, and ordereth all her laws.

But not only as Creator does the Bible exhibit our God; yet more does it exhibit him as Preserve and Redeemer. From the Bible, and from that book alone, do we gather the relation in which the human family stand to their Maker—their apostacy, their fall, and the way which has been made for their return to a state of happiness. It is only from this book that the destinies of the human race can be gathered, and nowhere else are we informed of the realities of a future state.

And as the Bible is the star which points to immortality, so is it the guide through life. There is not a duty required which it does not enjoin, whether to God, or to the world, or to ourselves. There is not a sin which can be committed, which it does not denounce; nor a virtue which can be performed, to which there is not held out a reward; yea, whatever be the lot of any one of the human race, whether rich or poor, prosperous or needy, blessed with health or racked with sickness, the Bible has a caution and a consolation for him; a caution to the affluent that wealth is God's gift, and to be used for his service —a consolation for the afflicted, that they sorrow not "as those who have no hope."

Therefore should every female study the Bible—not only because of its revelation of Deity, nor for its facts of history, but also because the morality the Bible inculcates is the standard of human excellence. Teaching faith in God and love to mankind, if its precepts were attended to, earth would be restored to the happiness of Eden. The Bible seeks to link the human family in one universal brotherhood, and by the evil passions of mankind only is it frustrated: for if the Bible were made the rule of life, how harmonious would society become! No jars, no feuds, no petty rivalries; no envyings or slander; but all would strive to bring happiness to others, and thus in the surest way to render perfect their own.

If attention were but paid to this—were the Bible

made the guide of conduct, all passions and feelings of a hurtful tendency would be rooted out, and the most amiable and virtuous assiduously cultivated; and not only so—the thoughts being also under restraint, the heart of each would become like a sacred sanctuary tenanted only by goodness and by truth.

In a world of trouble and care like that we inhabit, religion is the only solace. In moments of bereavement and sorrow, its voice is the only one of melody; cheering the disconsolate, raising the downcast, checking murmurs of disappointment and impatience; bidding the mourner rejoice, that if earthly possessions crumble away they have a better home, even a heavenly. There is not a trouble or care which can assail mortality which does not find a counterpart consolation in the Bible.

And in prosperity, as well as adversity, has the Bible truths to tell. It declares that when abundance is spread in great confusion, the heart should still turn to God. And perhaps it is more needful then, than when poverty and penury are staring us in the face, that heed should be given to religion. In trouble and sickness, the mind turns readily to God; all support by human means is withdrawn, and his aid is then asked. But when there is "much goods laid up for many years," then is it that there is a strange forgetfulness of the Giver of so much wealth; and it is very true, that riches are far harder to bear with a proper spirit than poverty. In every action of life the Bible should be made the rule to act upon; and there would then be little of injury or injustice done to others, and no thought of retaliation of injuries done to ourselves.

But, while thus arguing that the Bible should be a chief study, and as a consequent that Religion should be a chief concern, we are far from saying, that with all speeches and actions, none should be uttered which had not a quotation from the Bible wound into them, or which did not find a counter-

part for the performance of those deeds in that book. Incalculable mischief is done to religion by such practices as these, which are, alas, too common! Religion is a feeling of the heart; and though we expect it to be shown in the lives and words of its professors—otherwise it would be to have fire which did not burn, and light which did not illuminate—yet we should be much inclined to doubt the genuineness of a religion which was being constantly forced upon acquaintances. The religion inculcated by the Bible is a religion of meekness and unostentatious piety—qualities which, while they throw the greatest charm round woman on earth, are, at the same time, those most estimable in the eyes of God.

But while the studies we have mentioned serve to expand the mind, and therefore aid materially in the discharge of duties, yet at the same time there are others, which have for their end the pointing out the best way in which these duties should be performed. We live in an age of writing, and there is scarcely a subject which has not been treated of in a masterly manner: it must therefore be a woman's own fault if she remain in ignorance of the best methods of performing those duties which devolve upon her.

There are studies which have been greatly neglected, as though it was imagined they would spring up spontaneously, and there needed that no pains should be spent in their cultivation. And how many are there who, though they feel that they are called upon to take their part in the concerns of life, yet have scarcely any knowledge as to how they are to be entered upon! And although these duties ought to be taught at school, yet is the omission of instruction no excuse for remaining in ignorance, since, by reading, all may in a great measure acquire them *for themselves*.

Books which teach the modes of regulating House-

old Affairs should be frequently resorted to. Upon the well-regulation of these depends whether the married life shall be happy or miserable. A young girl marries, and on a sudden she rises from a state of submission to one of command. She sees herself treated with a respect hitherto unknown; but with this exaltation there has come upon her an additional amount of duties. Her dominion may be but limited one, but over this she has almost absolute sway, for home and the things of home are under her complete control. Is it not, therefore, incumbent upon her that she make herself acquainted with the best way in which these things can be managed? The regulation of expenditure, the charge of servants, the well-order, and, indeed, well-being, of all committed to her care, depend upon her, and upon her knowledge it rests whether the affairs of the family are conducted with economy and order, and therefore with happiness. Time rolls on, and to the duties of wife are added those of a mother: Books should therefore be studied which will best afford knowledge as to how the duties of this new, yet most endearing relationship, are to be performed.

So many are the ills attached to humanity upon its first stage of existence, that an acquaintance with the best modes of treatment and cure demand a cultivation of the mind upon these subjects, which are too often neglected. And though it be not necessary that a woman should know every recipe in the pharmacopeia it is imperatively called for that she be acquainted with the best manner of treating the various disorders to which children are liable; and especially should she possess a knowledge of the reasons of such treatment being good for such a complaint, or otherwise she will frequently with the best intentions, work more harm than good.

Dress and Food should also be made a subject of *careful inquiry; for it* is asserted that more diseases *are brought upon* children by pursuing an injudicious

course with respect to these two articles than by any other causes.

But not only are the physical wants of a child to be attended to: a mother also holds the place of teacher and instructer. Therefore should she possess a clew to guide her through that strangest of all labyrinths, the intricacies of the human heart; and this knowledge is hardly to be gathered anywhere but from Books. It is only by a comparison of the dispositions manifested in childhood with the actions performed in riper years, that a proper deduction can be made; and in the human heart, as in everything else, causes follows effect in a natural course; so that by this knowledge may passions be stifled in the bud, or be nullified by raising up others which destroy their power. And as this study is the most difficult, so perhaps it is the most useful, especially for mothers of families and teachers of schools: it is indeed the want of this knowledge, we believe, which make education so inefficient. Whatever may be the difference of temper or disposition in the various members of a family, a common course of instruction is pursued to all, the same hopes held out, the same punishment threatened; though this conduct is as absurd as that of adopting one remedy, whatever may be the cause of sickness. And though this notion of a universal remedy for all diseases is laughed at and treated as a jest when applied to physical disorders, it is pursued and thought a highly judicious plan with the disorders of the mind. If but a thorough insight into human nature were to be obtained, then we think, would education work a very different effect from what it does at present; for then, by a judicious arrangement of hopes and fears, of stimulants and restraint, might the amiable be drawn out, and the repulsive concealed *or subdued.*

We stated before that upon the mother devolves *the education* of children; and, therefore, to them is

this knowledge of paramount importance; it is a knowledge which enables her to offer a counterpart to every motive: and there is great truth in the opinion that we have now the same passions and feelings as Adam in the days of innocency, and that the human heart is that strange fountain whence flow sweet waters and bitter: and thus, by a knowledge of the human heart, we can sway the most unholy passions by turning them to noble purposes.

Such is a brief sketch of the power of books. If speech be wonderful, how much more so are books! These are words uttered in lands the writers will never visit, and to those who will never hear the sound of their voices. By their works authors almost acquire the attributes of Deity—immortal, though they must die; and present in a thousand places, though confined to one spot, and that perhaps the grave. And by reading books we may acquire a wonderful power; we may walk with the worthies of olden time, "who being dead, yet speak." Nay, more; we may walk with God, the eternal, invisible, inscrutable Deity; we may reign over the secrets of nature; we may reign over the passions of others; we may reign over our own; and thus having subdued our passions and reduced them to be bondmen; having striven to perform God's will; having gathered intimation of the glories of God, either by studying his attributes or the works of his hands; hereafter, in a higher and happier state of being, the volume of universal truth will be opened to our view, revealing in distinct characters the attributes of God, and the beautiful adaptation of everything he has made to the purposes designed—a revelation in which marvel will so crowd upon marvel, that imagination seems baffled in contemplating it, though the mind pants for the knowledge which will be afforded when the veil which now shrouds truth shall have been removed, and eternity *and infinity be revealed.*

CHAPTER VI.

HOME.

"There is a world where no storms intrude—a ha against the tempests of life—a little world of joy and cence and tranquillity. Suspicions are not there, nor j falsehood with her double tongue; nor the venom of sl embraceth it with outspread wings—plenty broodeth a man entereth it, he forgetteth his sorrows, and car pointments: he openeth his heart to confidence, and not mingled with remorse. This world is the well-c of a virtuous and amiable woman."

LET what will be said of the pleasures there is after all "no place like Home." tiful are the relationships of Home! how touching to the feelings! All are linke other by the most intimate and endeari husband to wife—wife to husband; paren dren—children to parents; brothers and sisters and brothers: a power like that of seems to run through the family group, s can not enjoy pleasure without the others ting therein, one can not sorrow but all m nor one be honored but all must share the

And, as Home is that place which has t est ties upon the feelings, so is it the plac woman has the power of exerting her influ greatest degree. This is her true and p tion—the duties of Home are peculiarly let it not be thought that in assigning He appropriate sphere for her action, we ar her a mean and an ignoble part. It is, i otherwise. The sphere of her operation limited one; but, as many rivers make up *waters, so* the conjunction of many home *the world*; and therefore, in performin

at home, she is performing her part in the world at large; and as a man carries with him through the world those same habits and feelings he has gathered in his home—and as these habits and feelings are principally derived from the influence of woman—woman in performing her home-duties takes a vast share in the concerns of the community.

In the days of ignorance, it was thought that to give women education would only unfit them for the duties of home; but, instead of this, education, in place of lessening, adds to the zeal for performing them, and when most enlightened, then are duties performed with the greatest readiness, and, at the same time, with the greatest prospect of success.

A strange miscalculation was made by those who held that to keep woman in ignorance would secure the best chance of having household duties properly performed. They never reckoned that it is at home all the principles are imbibed which are carried into the world; and thus, that if ignorance reigned in every household, ignorance must be the great thing carried into the world at large.

The influence of woman extends through all the concerns of life, and this influence is acquired at home: therefore, it is incumbent upon her that she discharges her duties with the most scrupulous care. Let her not think that the things of home are of trivial importance—they are far otherwise; for they affect the sphere of every man's actions, whether high or low—and in well regulating a household, and performing her duties with assiduous care, a woman may be the instrument of the well-organization of a parish, her country, or the world.

Whatever it may be in other countries, to an Englishman is there the sweetest melody in the word home. All his ideas of happiness are connected with his home; and especially is this true of all those who are *in any way connected* with the concerns of life. *With the exception* of those to whom Providence

has assigned such a portion of wealth, that th
not exercise any powers, either mental or p
to procure subsistence, all look to home as th
from whence all their happiness is to diverg
from the highest to the lowest, this statemer
good—all look to home for happiness. And if
true, how much depends upon woman, part
on those who are placed in the relationship of
mothers, or daughters!

Look, for example, at that man whose
marked brow proclaims a heart ill at ease,
whose every feature we can trace that c
trouble are pressing heavily upon him.
you know him?—he has hitherto stood high
list of British merchants—he was but a sho
since possessed of affluence, but, by a series o
ters, his property has crumbled away. All his
lations have turned out disastrous, though co
with consummate skill and prudence: his cro
been blasted, and his ships wrecked; and the
of others, too, have crippled himself, and no
years of honorable industry, he sees nothing b
and bankruptcy as his future portion. But
theless, his energies are not entirely crippled,
his means of using them are restricted, an
endeavoring to turn the wreck of his prop
good account. And thus battling with diffi
and struggling manfully to get the upper han
when pressed down with this weight of
spends the day; but so many things arise
hearten and dismay him in this unequal st
that, with feelings of despondency well-nigh
ing on despair, he returns home in the evening
no sooner does he enter, than he finds himse
rounded by fond and faithful hearts, who,
they can do little to lessen his burden, yet
supportable by solicitude and kindness. He r
the countenances of an affectionate wife and
daughters a desire to lose all, could they but

happy—and a wish to lighten the cares which press down his heart, by transferring them to their own. The world and its cares then lose much of their bitterness; he knew not before how tenderly attached to him were his family. He seems to escape from the perplexities of life, to forget his cares and troubles, and to have entered a brighter and happier sphere by merely crossing the threshold of his own dwelling. And when the morrow comes, he goes with renewed energies to his conflict with the world; and his endeavors are crowned with such success, that he is enabled still to maintain his position in society, though with impoverished means and scanty finances. And now comes the most trying time. His present resources are totally inadequate to support his former opulence of life. In place of the splendid house in which he has formerly dwelt, one with fewer rooms and more scanty apartments is taken; the rich and costly furniture, which would ill suit his present mode of life, is parted with, and the luxuries—and indeed many of the comforts—of home are given up. And these privations are cheerfully submitted to by the female portion of the family; they live as contentedly and happily in the straitened and scanty apartments as they ever did in the opulent and roomy. There is no murmur that the dresses are not so costly as they have hitherto been, and that the dismissal of the servants has caused many duties to devolve upon them which they had never been accustomed to perform; but all seem ready to take their part in the general share of domestic duties, and to contribute to the general happiness. And now, too, in order to save as much as possible the scanty revenue, the boys, in place of completing an education of literary attainments, are sent to push themselves forward in the world; and by this arrangement is opened a way for the power of their sisters' love to be shown *in a far* greater degree than formerly it *could have been.*

And to a very great extent does their happiness depend upon them. They can make home a place radiant with joys, or painful by its want of all that is amusing or attractive; and with the sisters of whom we are speaking, no sooner does the opportunity offer than it is seized upon. By entering into their brothers' plans and pursuits—by sympathizing with their vexations, and by stimulating to exertion, they wield a moral power which makes the present a state of contentment, and the future one of rich prospects.

By showing readiness to comply with the wishes of their brothers—by performing those trifling acts of kindness which only result from affection—by pleasant conversation—by entering readily into their pleasures, they make home a happy spot—the spot where life's truest joys are to be found: and thus, by binding them to home, they prevent the world from throwing the poison of its attraction over them, so that they will feel then no wish to pass their evenings in partaking of other amusements abroad, for home will seem to them a flowing stream of pleasure deepening as it rolls.

And equally amiable is the conduct shown to those who still rank in the list of friends. There is no attempt made to veil over the altered state of circumstances—no hollow and empty apologies uttered for not having everything in a better style, which would certainly have been done had it been for a moment thought that friends would have come (thus, by the way, leading the visiter to suppose that her presence was totally unexpected, and therefore unwelcome). There is no empty boast of the former opulence, nor vain regrets expressed at the present altered state; nor yet such expression as this made use of by the young ladies—"that if it had not been for their father's foolish speculation, they would never have *had to* submit to the present altered mode of life." *No; on the* contrary, the visiter enters, and she is

welcomed: she is shown a small apartment, but it is neat; the furniture is plain, but appropriate; and, more than all, there are smiling faces, which strive to make all who enter happy, by showing that there contentment reigns: so that she who came to condole remains to congratulate.

Thus, things are remembered which gave her the greatest pleasure to see, and these are exhibited; the subjects are called to mind which gave her the greatest satisfaction to hear, and these are made the points of conversation: and thus is it shown that in place of being so wrapped up in the contemplation of their own losses, that they have no ear to listen to, and no tongue to relate any others, they have still a thought for their friends, and regard of primary importance the things which give to those friends pleasure and delight.

Such is a faint outline of a home most conducive to happiness. It were no difficult task to fill up the canvass by merely drawing in their proper colors all the dispositions which are necessary to produce this happy state. But reserving this till presently, we must now reverse the picture.

There is a man upon whom fortune has smiled—he is possessed of abundance, yet if we could but look under the surface we should find him far from happy. He, too, has to pass the day in business, and when evening comes he returns to his home.—Home! he, poor man, has no *home*—the mart and the exchange, these are his home, for there his heart is happiest. He has indeed a noble house—rich and magnificent as any in that city where the "merchants are princes;" but he has no home, for there is no point on which his heart can rest and find happiness. He returns in the evening; but no gentle face welcomes his arrival—no loving hand meets his—no words are breathed in kind inquiries; *there is a chilling* repulsiveness around the room—he *flings himself into* a chair, snatches a book and reads

though without knowing what, for a few minutes—then throws down the volume in despair, buries hi face in his hands, and sighs—or, hastily starting up he seizes his hat, and hurrying forth, forgets hi troubles by joining some business acquaintance at a tavern, to drink wine and discuss future pros pects.

Yet he, too, has a wife and daughters. But wher are they? The theatre, the concert, the ball-room or the card-table, have far greater attractions for then than home, and there is scarcely a night which doe not see them participating in the pleasures (falsel so called) of these resorts of idleness and dissipation And never are they to be found at home, except whe they wish to make an attack upon their father's purse or to obtain permission to indulge in some pleasur which he has hitherto refused. Then, indeed, th alteration is wonderful—the wife becomes all love and the daughters all affection; and this endearmen lasts until their end is gained, and then they relaps into the same habits as before. And thus is spent life of vanity—vanity of dressing all day, and exhibit ing all night. And home! this is left to the entir management, or rather mis-management of servants so that a constant scene of disorder, extravagance, an deceit, is enacted; for whatever leisure time is lef after that occupied in dressing and receiving visiters is spent by the mother in making purchases of fresl finery, and by the daughters in reading the newes novel, or working some embroidery. They have n time to attend to household duties, if indeed it wer proper for them to engage in such servile tasks, whicl to their ideas it certainly is not.

Home duties servile! Why, it is woman's highes honor—it is the sphere which God has appointe for her labors, and it redounds most greatly t *her praise* when she pursues it. It is to see tha *there is order*, economy, and neatness; it is t

acquire habits of industry and usefulness; it is to have a care for those whom Providence has appointed to be servants. It is to open a thousand channels for good feelings to flow through; it is to have generosity to your friends, charity to the needy, happiness for yourself, and love for all. To be idle is to be servile; for it is bowing down mind to matter, and bending the ethereal to the corporeal. But to be usefully employed is honorable; and God has so linked happiness with industry, that those who are in pursuit of the one can only find it by taking the other as a guide.

Home duties servile! Attend, ye that are wives. In forming woman, God made a companion for man, and by the institution of marriage this decree is confirmed: it unites under the same roof a strong being and a feeble;—one, daring and confident; the other, diffident and confiding;—one, who strives against nature; the other, who bends it by gentleness;—one great in action, the other in suffering;—one who shines in the stormy world, the other in the quiet home: and as is the difference of feelings, so is the difference of duties. To man it is assigned that his sphere of operation shall be the world—to woman that of home. And what, then, is there servile in doing that which God has ordained? In the training of children, is there servility in *that?*—or in the regulation of the domestic concerns, so that all shall be harmony, order, neatness, kindness, compassion, and love? To be ashamed of these things, is to be ashamed of honor, glory, and triumph; for whosoever doeth them assimilates nearest to God, who has provided for the wants of everything to which he gave existence, and who is himself harmony, kindness, compassion, and love.

Home duties servile! Attend, ye that are daughters. *Your father, it* may be, has passed the meridian *of life, and time* and care have touched his *hair and marked* wrinkles upon his brow; and much

of this care has been endured for you. For you has he "risen early, and late taken rest," and spent the day in toil, in order to exempt you from labor, and to furnish means for supplying your wants. The burden of trouble, in whatever form it came, has been always borne by himself: he never brought a tear to your eyes, or grief to your hearts; your wants were always supplied—your wishes, as far as could be, complied with, and to make your lives glide by happily was your father's earnest desire. To him, therefore, are you beholden for all that you have—for education, for attainments, for comforts, for friends. And now, after having received so many kindnesses, and shared in all his thoughts, shall it be said that you are unmindful of them all—that you treat him with neglect, and care for nothing which does not minister to your own pleasures or selfish gratification?

After his day of labor—which is undertaken more for you than for himself, since the autumn of his days was well-nigh passed, and few more are the fruits which he can gather—shall he return in the evening to a solitary home, or shall these his few hours of relaxation be troubled by ceaseless importunities to grant some new finery? Shall we see you careless and inattentive to his wants, and know that the money which it has cost him so much pains to earn is suffered to be wasted through your carelessness, indolence, or extravagance? Shall he feel that, after having spent his life in toil that you might enjoy the fruits of his labor, he has no place in your affections, and that all the concern you do show arises more from policy than from love? If there be servility at all, it is in giving to selfish passion the mastery, and suffering idleness to bind you by its chains: but to perform duties, to give free play to amiable feelings—this is true nobleness and *dignity*. True greatness is derived from being use*ful*—*true* honor is the active discharge of duties—and *true glory* is the reward.

The most beautiful of all sights witnessed upon earth is that of a young girl attending upon an aged parent—his guide, his support, his comfort, watching his last days in life as he did her earliest. He leans upon her for support as he walks feebly forward to see once more the beauties of earth ere he quits it for ever, while his daughter's all thought is to show those things she knows delight the old man most. She regulates her pace to his tottering tread. She watches, as he looks with a strange and child-like gaze upon the sky, the trees, the flowers, and the earth. She sees that this is pleasure to his mind, and she is happy. Beautiful sight! that the bud of youth should display its charms by blooming on the seared and withered branch!

And, on the other hand, what sight is so calculated to excite pity mingled with contempt, as is that of a daughter partaking of a series of frivolous pleasures, while a father is lying on a bed of sickness? She has no thought for his comforts—none for his wants: his fevered brow is never bathed by her hand, nor are any acts of genuine kindness ever performed. Dress and vanity are the things which entirely engross her thoughts, and nothing is done which interrupts the current from flowing down this channel. Yet if there be anything on earth upon which the retributive justice of Heaven might be expected to fall, it certainly would be on a daughter such as this, who could neglect duty and affection, and stifle every feeling which has been planted into her nature, for the sake of empty display and hollow vanity.

Equally to mothers and daughters is it true that they should concern themselves in domestic economy; for in so doing, they are performing their duties, adding to their own happiness, and making home a place where the feelings of a family meet in peace, *harmony, and love.*

But it is necessary briefly to glance at the manner

in which home must be conducted, in order that it may prove a spot where contentment can dwell and peace erect an altar.

The several relationships of home are wife—mother—sister—daughter.

As a wife, woman should regard her home as shared between herself and her husband, so that his comforts and happiness should be studied equally with her own. She should not suppose that to herself a life of indolence and inaction has been granted, though to her husband one of toil and exertion; but, on the contrary, that to each duties have been appointed—his abroad, hers at home; and that thus alone can she make his life happy with her own: for her duties are those of kindness, and her nature is formed to be kind. She would then give up some portion of her time to his comforts, and would endeavor to make the hours he passed at home those of peace and happiness; and by so doing, she would find that she was more esteemed and more happy.

As a mother, a woman should strive to make home the centre of her children's affections; it should be the fountain whence all their pleasure flows; and such should be a mother's conduct, that her children should treat her with perfect love, though without being allowed to diminish the respect due to a parent. The influence a parent has over her children is very small, if only that acquired by fear; this, though still keeping an outward respect, estranges the heart from home, and leads them to seek for amusement from other and often exceptionable sources.

And when grown to years of reflection, a mother should treat her children as her friends—not assuming a superiority over them at all times and on all *occasions*, but only claiming the deference due to a *mother*. She should allow them to act and think *for themselves*—not giving her opinion as a law the

must be followed, but rather as an opinion merely the result of longer experience and mature judgment. Thus would she secure the esteem and love of her children in every stage of life—thus would they learn to look to her as their best adviser, monitress, and friend. She on all occasions would be consulted, and her opinion would almost invariably form the ground for her children's actions. It needs something more than the natural love of parents to children, to secure the return of love from children to parents. The birds of the air are as solicitous for the welfare of their offspring as are women; but no sooner does the period arrive that the young can soar away and find their own food, than they fly off and return no more. And if it be natural for all classes of animals to leave their parents when able to provide for themselves, why should it not be natural for humanity? A higher precept than nature has been implanted in the human heart, and this only will secure a return of kindness. Therefore is it that if mothers would secure the love of children, they must become friends of their minds. Mere nature will never prompt them to the return; for as nature is ever going forward, children will feel that they are as ready to undergo as much for their children, as their parents did for them; but they will never feel that a return of the parents' kindness is demanded. This can only be secured by mothers making the children their friends: but by so doing, they will find that when age with its infirmities creeps on, those whom they watched in infancy—those whom they instructed in youth—those whom they treated as friends and companions, will then, as far as may be, return the debt of gratitude, by striving to gild their own declining years by watchfulness, care, and love.

As a sister, the band of affection which unites *brothers and sisters must* be love. There are many *ways in which a sister* can make home happy to

her brothers and sisters. United to them by sacr and dear ties, they have associations and hopes a fears in common; and this thin thread which bin them in youth, may, by having new threads of kin ness and affection woven into it, form so strong a cor that no after-years will snap it asunder.

A sister should share all the plans and prospec of her brother, striving to add to his happiness, a to contribute to his pleasures. She will thus oft become his confidant—the keeper of his secrets, a if she forfeit not his esteem, she will obtain a va power as a monitress and adviser, so that she m guide him to honor, and stimulate his exertions noble purposes; and home to him will be endu with a special charm, because made radiant by a si ter's love.

To her sisters also may she prove a true frien especially if the elder; by nature she is appoint to teach mentally and morally those younger th herself; she seems to share one mind and one hea with the rest of her sisters, so that they seem partake alike of joys and sorrows—joys and sorro peculiarly their own, and such as no stranger inte meddles with. Thus, then, may she teach piet virtue, kindness, compassion, and love; and never letting a word of jealousy, envy, or ill-w escape from her own lips, she thereby puts a st upon the lips of others; and by her own gentlene of manner and speech, forbids everything of rud ness or clamor: and thus does she give to home beauty and an attraction which neither wealth n rank can purchase—creating happy faces and co tented hearts: and this is mantling both her ow and her sisters' cheeks with beauty—a beauty worth and virtue—a beauty which will last lo after the bright teints of youth have faded—that tr *beauty* which arises from purity of mind and goo *ness of* heart.

A daughter has a number of duties to perf

› the authors of her being, and particularly to a ıother. Let her but call to mind how much that arent underwent for her;—how many sleepless ights were passed in watching her during infancy nd sickness, until her mother's frame grew weary nd her eye dim with watchfulness; how many ains she suffered, how many pleasures she forore; how many hours she spent in instructing her vandering mind; how studiously she inculcated irtuous thoughts and generous actions;—and she ill feel that duty calls upon her to make a suitable eturn for so much thought and toil; that it beomes her to lighten a parent's burden, and to make he last years of her life glide by happily and peaceully. She will study to lighten her domestic cares —to attend those brothers and sisters who may need ıer care—to read to her mother when her eye shall ıave grown dim with years—and to be her companon and guide when age begins to weaken her frame nd impair her faculties.

Thus might woman in her several capacities act ıpon Home and make it literally an oasis in the esert—a bright and peaceful spot in the midst of a ark and stormy world.

There is a moral beauty in the relationship of roman at every period of her life; but this beauty isplays itself nowhere so much as at home. That enerable woman, the representative of the past eneration, who sits in the majesty of age before he fire, and who, after having seen her family setled in life and closed her husband's eyes, has come o die in the Home of her daughter—even in that rayhaired woman there is a moral beauty; a housand hallowed associations are surrounding er, making her beautiful, though her eye has lost ts brightness and wrinkles cover her cheek. And hat fair-haired girl who is kneeling at the old roman's feet. is she not beautiful as in the simpli*ty of childhood* she awaiteth her evening blessing?

And that matronly woman who is nestling her sleeping babe to her bosom, how beautiful is she! —beautiful, though the teints of youth have fled. And the unconscious babe, how beautiful is that!—beautiful in its innocency and helplessness. All are beautiful!—the decayed and the expanded flower, the blossom, and the bud—all are beautiful. There is a moral sublimity and beauty which the most exquisitely moulded and teinted features could not give, and which neither age nor plainness of feature can take away. Wherefore, then, should women be so eager before the world to display their charms, upon which the eye rests but for a moment and then seeks for another, when, by the mere associations and links of Home, there is a moral beauty upon which the mind can dwell and experience greater delight the more it contemplates the entrancing picture?

Thus has woman the power of making Home a place of great attraction—a place where the warmest sentiments of the heart shall be nurtured into fruitfulness; and not only when the foot was weary or the heart heavy would man seek Home, but his thoughts would centre on it because happiness was there most surely to be found.

To herself, also, as well as to others, may a woman make home a place of pleasantness and peace; for here it is that she can exercise in the highest degree the holy feelings of generosity, charity, and love; and in the discharge of duties, in the performance of kindnesses, in works of charity, in actions of disinterestedness, there arises such a pleasure as never was felt by the votaries of dissipation when enjoying their most brilliant triumphs. The world is the place where the worst of passions have room for displaying themselves—pride, conceit, affectation, and envy; Home is the place where the most amiable are called forth: and it is not necessary to say which of the *two* courses is likely to bring the greater amount of happiness.

Let but a woman strive to make Home a place radiant by her smiles and peaceful by her love, and the dreams of fairy-land will seem almost to be realized: she will have thrown a sort of magic ring around her home, so that the world's rude passions will be prevented from entering, and even sorrow and pain—which no human power can guard against, since death and disease still walk the earth—shall lose half their bitterness, and be borne with patience, resignation, and content.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DUTIES OF WOMAN AS A MOTHER.

"What if God should place in your hand a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and shown as an index of your own thoughts and feelings? What care, what caution would you exercise in the selection! Now this is what God *has* done: he has placed before you immortal minds, less perishable than the diamond, on which you are about to inscribe every day, and every hour, by your instructions, by your spirit, or by your example, something which will remain, and be exhibited for or against you at the judgment-day."—PAYSON.

THE moment a child is born into the world, a mother's duties commence; and of all those which God has allotted to mortals, there are none so important as those which devolve upon a mother.

More feeble and helpless than anything else of living creatures is an infant in the first days of its existence—unable to minister to its own wants, unable even to make those wants known: a feeble cry which indicates suffering, but not what or where the pain is, is all that it can utter.

But to meet this weakness and incapacity on the part of the infant, God has implanted in the heart of the mother a yearning affection to her offspring, so that she feels this almost inanimate being to be a part of *herself, and every* cry of pain acts as a dagger to *her own heart.*

And to humanity alone, of all the tribes of animated beings, has a power been given to nullify this feeling. Beast, bird, and insect, attend to the wants of their offspring, accordingly as those wants require much or little assiduity. But woman, if she will, can drug and stupify this feeling. She can commit the charge of her child to dependants and servants, and need only take care that enough is provided to meet that child's wants, but need not see herself that those wants are actually met.

But a woman who does this is far, very far from doing her duty. Who is so fit to watch over the wants of infancy as she who gave that infant birth? Can a mother suppose, that if she can so stifle those sensibilities which prompt her to provide for the wants of her children, servants and dependants, in whom no such sensibilities exist, will be very solicitous about their charge?

How many of the infant's cries will be unattended to, which would at once have made their way to the heart of a mother! and, therefore, how many of the child's wants will in consequence remain uncared for!

No one can understand so well the wants of a child as a mother—no one is ever so ready to meet those wants as she; and, therefore, to none but a mother, under ordinary circumstances, should the entire charge of a child be committed. And in all countries in which luxury has not so far attained the ascendency, that in order to partake of its pleasures a mother will desert her offspring, the cares and trials of maternal love are entered upon as the sweetest of enjoyments and the greatest of pleasures. It was a noble saying of a queen of France, "that none should share with her the privileges of a mother;" and if the same sentiment found its way into every heart, a very different aspect would soon be produced. How many, through ill-treatment *and neglect* in childhood, carry the marks to their *dying day* in weak and sickly constitutions! how

many more in a distorted body and crippled limbs! These are but the too sure consequences of the neglect of a mother, and, consequent upon that, the neglect of servants, who, feeling the child a burden, gladly availed themselves of anything which would lessen their own trouble; and many a mother, who, perhaps, now that her child is grown up, weeps bitter tears over his infirmities, might have saved his pain and her own sorrow by attending to his wants in infancy.

"Can a mother forget her sucking child?" asks the inspired penman, in a way that it would seem to be so great an anomaly as almost to amount to an impossibility. Yet modern luxury not only proves that such a thing can be done, but it is one even of common occurrence. But if done, surely some great stake must be pending—something on which life and property are concerned—that a mother can thus forget the child of her bosom? Alas! no; the child is neglected that no interruption may take place in the mother's stream of pleasure. For the blandishments of the theatre, or the excitements of the dance, is a child left to the charge of those who have nothing of love for it—no sympathy for its sufferings, no joyousness in sharing in its pleasures.

A woman forfeits all claim to the sacred character of a mother if she abandon her offspring to the entire care of others: for ere she can do this, she must have stifled all the best feelings of her nature, and become "worse than the infidel"—for she gives freely to the stranger, and neglects her own.

Therefore should a woman, if she would fulfil her duty, make her child her first care. It is not necessary that her whole time should be spent in attending to its wants; but it is necessary that so much time should be spent, that nothing should be neglected which could add to the child's comfort and happiness. And not only is it needful that a woman *should show* a motherly fondness for her child, so

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that she should attend to its wants and be solicitous for its welfare; it is also necessary that she should know how those wants are best to be provided for, and how that welfare is best to be consulted: for to the natural feelings which prompt animals to provide for their offspring, to humanity is added the noble gift of reason; so that thought and solicitude are not merely the effects of blind instinct, but the produce of a higher and nobler faculty.

As we have already adverted to this point, we shall only say, that without a knowledge of how the physical wants of a child are to be met in the best manner, a mother can not be said to be performing her duty; for the kindness which is bestowed may be but the result of natural feeling, which it would be far harder to resist than to fulfil; whereas the want of knowledge may have resulted from ignorance and idleness, and the loss of this knowledge will never be made up by natural kindness and love: it will be like trying to work without hands, or to see when the eyes are blinded.

But there is yet a higher duty devolving upon woman. She has to attend to the mental and moral wants of her offspring, as well as to the physical. And helpless as we are born into the world, if reference be made to our physical wants, we are yet more helpless if reference be made to our mental and moral. We come into the world with evil passions, perverted faculties, and unholy dispositions: for let what will be said of the blandness and attractiveness of children, there are in those young hearts the seeds of evil; and it needs but that a note be taken of what passes in the every-day life of a child, to convince that all is not so amiable as at first sight appears, but that the heart hides dark deformity, headstrong passions, and vicious thoughts. And to a mother's lot it falls to be the instructress of her *children*—their guide and pattern, and she fails in *her duty* when she fails in either of these points.

But it may be said, that the requirement is greater than humanity can perform, and that it would need angelic purity to be able fully to meet it; for who shall say that she is so perfect that no inconsistencies shall appear between what she teaches and what she practises?

It would be, indeed, to suppose mothers more than human to think that their instructions should be perfect. The best of mothers are liable to err, and the love a mother has for her child may tempt her frequently to pass over faults which she knows ought to be corrected. But making due allowance for human incompetency and human weakness, still will a mother be bound to the utmost of her power to be the instructress of her child, equally by the lesson she inculcates and the pattern she exhibits.

There is indeed, too much neglect shown in the instruction of children. Mothers seem to think that if amiable qualities are shown in the exterior, no instruction is necessary for the heart. But this is a most futile attempt to make children virtuous; it is like attempting to purify water half-way down the stream, and leaving it still foul at the source. The heart should be the first thing instructed: a motive and a reason should be given for every requirement —a motive and a reason should be given for every abstinence called for—and when the heart is made to love virtue, the actions will be those of virtue; for it is the heart which is the great mover of all actions—and the moment a child can distinguish between a smile and a frown, from that moment should instruction commence—an instruction suited indeed to infantine capacities, but which should be enlarged as the child's capacities expand. It is very bad policy to suffer the first years of a child's life to pass by without instruction; for if good be not written on the mind, there is sure to be evil. It is a mother's *duty to watch the* expanding intellect of her child, *and to suit her instructions* accordingly: it is equally

so to learn its disposition—to study its wishes, it hopes and its fears, and to direct, control, and poin them to noble aims and ends.

Oh! not alone is it needful that a mother be so licitous for the health and happiness of her child o earth: a far higher and more important though should engage her attention—concern for her chil as an immortal and an accountable being.

To all who bear the endearing name of mother thus would we speak:—

That child with whom you are so fondly playing —whose happy and smiling countenance migh serve for the representation of a cherub, and whos merry laugh rings joyously and free—yes! tha blooming child, notwithstanding all these pleasing and attractive smiles, has a heart prone to evil. T you is it committed to be the teacher of that child and on that teaching will mainly if not entirely de pend its future happiness or misery—not of a few brief years—not of a lifetime, but of eternity; fo though a dying creature, it is still immortal, and the happiness or misery of that immortality depends upo your instruction.

Will you neglect or refuse to be your child's teacher? Shall the world and its pleasures draw off your attention from your duty when so much is at stake? or will you leave your child to glean knowledge as best it can—thus imbibing all princi ples and all habits—most of them unwholesome and many poisonous? You can decide—you, the mother. You gave it life—you may make that life a blessing or a curse, as you inculcate good or evil: for if through your neglect, or through bad example you let evil passions obtain an ascendency, that child may grow into a dissolute and immoral man: his career may be one of debauchery and profaneness; and then, when he comes to die, in the ago*nies of remorse*, in the delirium of a conscience-*stricken spirit*, he may gasp out his last breath wit

a curse on your head, for having given him life, but not a disposition to use it aright—so that his has been a life of shame and disgrace here, and will be one of misery hereafter. That child's character is yet untainted; with you that decision rests—his destiny is in your hands. He may have dispositions the most dark and foul—falseness, hatred, and revenge; but you may prevent their growth. He may have dispositions the most bland and attractive: you can so order it that contact with the world shall never sully them. Yes, you—the mother—can prevent the evil and nurture the good. You can teach that child—you can rear it, discipline it. You can make your offspring so love you, that the memory of your piety shall prevent their own wickedness, and the hallowed recollection of your goodness stimulate their own.

And equally in your power is it to neglect your child. By suffering pleasure to lure you—by following the follies of fashion, or by the charm of those baubles which the world presents to the eye, but keeps from your grasp—you may neglect your child. But you have neglected a plain and a positive duty—a duty which is engraven on your heart and wound into your nature: and a duty neglected is sure, sooner or later, to come back again as an avenger to punish; while, on the other hand, a duty performed to the best of the ability returns back to the performer laden with a blessing.

But it may be said, how are children to be trained in order that happiness may be the result?

It is quite impossible to lay down rules for the management of children; since those which would serve for guidance in regulating the conduct of one child, would work the worst results when applied to another. But we mention a few particulars.

The grand secret in the management of children is to treat *them as* reasonable beings. We see that *they are governed* by hope, fear, and love: these

feelings, then, should be made the instruments which their education is conducted. Whenever i possible (and it is very rarely that it is not), a rea should be given for every requirement, and a mo for the undertaking any task: this would lead child to see that nothing was demanded out of cap or whim, but that it was a requirement involving h piness as well as duty.

This method would also teach the child to re ence and respect the parent. She would be regar as possessed of superior knowledge; and he wo the more readily undertake demands for which could see no reason, from a knowledge that no c mands of which he understood the design were e unreasonable.

The manner of behaving to children should one of kindness, though marked by decision character. An over-fondness should never allo mother to gratify her child in anything unreasonal and after having once refused a request—which should not do hastily or unadvisedly—no coaxing tears should divert her from her purpose; for if gives way, the child will at once understand that has a power over his mother, and will resort to same expedient whenever occasion may require; a worse evil than this is, that respect for the pa will be lost, and the child, in place of yielding rea to her wishes, will try means of trick and evasio elude them.

In order to really manage a child well, a mot should become a child herself; she should e into its hopes and fears, and share its joys and rows; she should bend down her mind to that of offspring, so as to be pleased with all those tri actions which give it pleasure, and to sorrow those which bring it pain. This would secure a firm and ardent, and at the same time lasting; fo *the child* advanced in strength of intellect, so might *mother*, until the child grew old enough to w

stand the ties which bound them; and then, by making him a friend, she would bind him to her for life.

There are none of the human race so sagacious and keen-sighted as children: they seem to understand intuitively a person's disposition, and they quickly notice any discrepances or inconsistencies of conduct. On this point should particular attention be paid, that there be nothing practised to cheat the child. Underhand means are frequently resorted to, to persuade a child to perform or abstain from some particular duty or object; but in a very short time it will be found out, and the child has been taught a lesson in deception which it will not fail to use when occasion requires.

And under this head might be included all that petty species of deceit used toward children, whether to mislead their apprehension, or to divert their attention. If anything be improper for a child to know or do, better tell him so at once, than resort to an underhand expedient. If a reason can be given for requiring the abstinence, it should; but if not, tell the child that the reason is such that he could not comprehend it, and he will remain satisfied. But if trick or scheming be resorted to, the child will have learned the two improper lessons of first being cunning, and then telling a falsehood to avoid it.

In whatever way you wish to act upon a child, always propose the highest and noblest motive—this will generally be a motive which centres in God. Thus, in teaching a child to speak the truth, it should be proposed not so much out of obedience to parents, as out of obedience to God; and in all requirements the love and fear of God should be prominently set forth.

A child is born with feelings of religion; and if these feelings are properly called forth, the actions will generally have a tendency to good. Thus, with a child *whose* disposition is to deceive, a *mother has no hold* upon such a one; for the child

will soon perceive that his mother can not follow him everywhere, and that he can commit with impunity many actions of deceit. But, impress the child with the truth that a Being is watching these actions, and that though done with the greatest cunning, they can not be committed with impunity, and it is more than probable that they will never be committed at all. A temptation may be thrown in the way of such a child, but it will not be powerful enough to overcome the feeling that the action is watched. That child may eagerly pant to perform the forbidden action or to partake of the forbidden pleasure; but he will not be able to rid himself of the feeling that it can not be done without being observed. He will stand in a state of anxiety, and steal a glance around, in order to see the Being he feels is looking upon him, and every breeze that murmurs will be a voice to chide him, and every leaf that whistles will seem a footstep, and never will he be able to break the restraint; for wherever he goes and whatever he does, he will feel that his actions are watched by One who will punish the bad and reward the good.

And in the same way might this be applied to all dispositions and feelings. How cheering is it to a timid child to be told that at no time is he left alone; but that the Being who made everything preserves and keeps everything, and that nothing can happen but by his permission! This is to disarm fear of its terrors, and to implant a confidence in the mind, for the child will feel that while his actions are good he is under the protection of an Almighty Parent. In the same way, in stimulating a child to the performance of a duty, the end proposed should be the favor of God. This would insure the duty being entered upon with a right spirit—not merely for the sake of show and effect, but springing from *the* heart and the mind—and, at the same time, it *would* prevent anything of hypocrisy. If it were

only the estimation of the world which was to be regarded, a child could soon understand that the applause would be gained by the mere exterior performance, be the motive what it might: but when the motive is centred in God, it is readily understood that the feeling must be genuine; otherwise, whatever the world may say, God will look upon it as unworthy and base.

If the idea that God was ever at his side could be thoroughly established in the mind of a child, we believe that very rarely would it be found that the child went wrong—the feeling that every action was known, and hereafter would be rewarded or punished, would of itself be sufficient to keep him from going astray. It is hardly too much to say, that the minds of children are naturally superstitious; hence they are easily (and too frequently) frightened into actions by tales of ghosts and apparitions, and haunted chambers; but by directing the mind to God, this feeling is directed to its proper and legitimate object. The lessons that are inculcated should not bring even the notion that spiritual beings are ever beside the child, invisible themselves, but noting down all the actions committed; for if good angels are represented as "ministering spirits," so must evil angels be as impelling dark thoughts and suggestions of evil; and this to a timid child brings with it a wild and sudden fear, for the child will be startled that perhaps one of these shadowy forms may appear before him, and the night will then be a state of horrible torment; the eyes scarcely daring to be closed, lest the phantom should start from its hiding-place; and afraid to be opened, lest the dread form should pass before his gaze. But a child entertains no such horror of God. He regards God as a benevolent Being who loves to reward and dislikes to punish him. He is *told that* God made the sky with its *glorious lights, and that* the earth with its animals,

and trees, and flowers, is also his work; and the chil learns to love a Being from whom he sees so man beautiful works to have emanated. He is never afrai of God but when about to do wrong, for he finds tha God is a protector, a guide and a friend.

We believe it would be found to work the bes results, if all the actions of a child were made thu to depend upon their harmony with the will of God for it would give a sacredness to every action, mak every motive a high and holy one, and harmoniz the thoughts of the heart with the actions of th life.

But in this mode of teaching, it is essentially neces sary that a mother should herself be an example of th truth she teaches. It will be worse than useless t teach a child that God is always at hand, "and spietl out all our ways," if she act as though she did no believe in the existence of a Deity.

In the same way will it hold good of every re quirement. It will be vain to teach a child that ly ing is a great crime in God's sight, when a mothe in her own words shows no regard to truth; an equally so of all other passions and feelings. It i idle to teach a child that pride—hatred—revenge— anger, are unholy passions, if a mother's own conduc displays either of them. How useless is it to teacl that vanity should never be indulged in, when a mother delights in display! Such instruction a this is like the web of Penelope—unpicked as fas as done. The greatest reverence is due to a child and previously to becoming a teacher, a mothe should learn this hardest of all lessons—"Know thy self." Without this, the instruction she gives he children will at best prove very imperfect. It i quite useless to teach children to reverence any thing, when a mother's conduct shows that, practi cally at least, she has no belief in the truths sh *inculcates.* And a very hard requirement this is *but it is* a requirement absolutely necessary, if she

cation is meant to be anything more than nominal. The finest lesson on the beauty of truth is enforced by a mother never herself saying what is false; for children pay great regard to consistency, and very soon detect any discrepances between that which is taught and that which is practised.

The best methed of inculcating truth on the minds of children is by analogy and illustration. They can not follow an argument, though they readily understand a comparison: and, by a judicious arrangement, everything, either animate or inanimate, might be made to become a teacher. What lesson on industry would be so likely to be instructive as that gathered from a bee-hive? The longest dissertation on the evils of idleness and the advantages of industry would not prove half so beneficial as directing the observation to the movements of the bee—that ever-active insect, which, without the aid of reason, exercises prudence and foresight, and provides against the wants of winter. A child will readily understand such instruction as this, and will blush to be found spending precious hours in idleness. And in the same way with other duties, whether to God or mankind, the fowls of the air and the flowers of the field might be made profitable teachers, and the child would, wherever he went, be surrounded with instruction.

This mode of teaching has this special recommendation—it raises up no evil passions: and a child which would display an evil temper by being reproved in words, will feel no such rancor at a lesson being inculcated in a way like this.

This instruction will also be much longer remembered than one delivered in words, forasmuch as the object upon which the instruction is based would be continually presented to the eye.

And, we believe, almost all duties might be inculcated *in this manner.* Thus, humility by the lily, *patience by the spider,* affection by the dove, love to

parents by the stork,—all might be rendered teachers and in a way never to be forgotten. And that this mode of teaching is the best, we have the example of Christ himself, who almost invariably enforced his instructions by an allusion to some created thing What, for instance, was so likely to teach men dependance upon God as a reference to the "ravens and the lilies," which without the aid of reason had their wants cared for? And in the same way with children—what is so likely to teach them their duties, as a reference to the varied things in nature with whose uses and habits they are well acquainted?

God should be the object upon which the child's thoughts are taught to dwell—for the minds even of children turn to the beautiful, and the beautiful is the Divine. All thoughts and actions should be raised to this standard; and the child would rise above the feelings of self-gratification and vanity, and the panting for applause, to the favor and love of God. Thus should religion be the great and the first thing taught and a mother should be careful that neither in her own actions, nor in the motives she holds out to her children, should there be anything inimical or contrary to religion.

And by this course the best and happiest results may be expected to follow. The perverse and headstrong passions of the human heart are so many, that numerous instructions may seem to be useless, and a mother may have often to sigh over her child as she sees him allowing evil habits to obtain the mastery, or unholy dispositions to reign in his heart; but, as we have before said, we do not think that the instruction will be lost, but that a time will come when she will reap the fruits of her toil care, and anxiety.

Such then is the duty of woman as a mother—to tend and watch over the wants of her child, to guard *it in health*, to nurse it in sickness, to be solicitous for *it in all* the changes of life, and to prevent, as much

as possible, those many ills to which flesh is heir from assailing her fondly cherished offspring.

It is also her province to instruct her children in those duties which will fall to their lot both as reasonable and as immortal creatures; and by so doing she will make her own life happy—leave to her children a happy heritage on earth, and the prospect of a higher one in heaven. But if a mother neglect her duty, she will reap the fruits of her own negligence in the ingratitude of her children—an ingratitude which will bring a double pain to her, from the thought that her own neglect was the cause of its growth, as an expiring eagle with an arrow in its heart might be supposed to feel an agony above that of pain on seeing the shaft now draining its life's blood feathered from its own wing.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DUTIES OF WOMAN AS A WIFE.

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet bed's not sweeter."—MIDDLETON.

IF we were to judge of the duties of a wife from the conduct of those who are about to enter into the state of wedlock, we should say that that state was one of rapturous joys and pleasures, without a painful thought to darken or a cloud to sully. It would seem from their conduct, that entering the marriage state would be like entering Elysium—a spot in which life would glide away amid all that can gratify the senses and delight the eye—a life spent in the *midst of flowing groves* and sparkling waters, and

enchanting melodies, without so much as a passi shadow to dim the brightness of the scene. Bu we regard the marriage state in its true and pro sense, we shall find that there are duties to be p formed, crosses to be borne, and difficulties to met; and that the felicity of marriage is derived fr the conscientious discharge of, and patient submissi to, those duties and difficulties which more or l are the portion of all living.

In the romantic dream of love, the heart m fondly imagine that life would be a happy sta bright and sunny like a fairy vision; but reality d pels the charm, and breaks the illusion. Many tri must occur in marriage life—many doubts and d ficulties will have to be met, many perplexities to unravelled; and the stern reality of what marri life really is, will soon break the dream of its pro ing little less than an Arcadian paradise, though are met at the threshold with an announcement this important truth—for the good old marriage se vice declares that each takes the other "for rich for poorer, in sickness and in health." Then pover and sickness may be the portion: not all of happ ness, not all of riches, not all of health, is to be e joyed; but much will be found to sorrow and sadden much that will require the exercise of patience a of thought.

It is counted a touching and beautiful sight to s a young bride yielding herself up to the man of h choice, going a stranger among strangers, becon ing an exile from the home of her parents, a yielding up the friends of her youth, abandoning which has been her delight and her pleasure, a trusting herself implicitly to the power of anothe pledging herself to tread life's thorny road with hi as the sharer of his pleasures and the soother of h troubles: but, for our own part, we regard as *higher* and far nobler spectacle, a wife who, in th *maturity* of years, is seen fulfilling those duties

then pledged herself to perform. Time, the changer of all, has wrought no change in her. She is still assiduous to render her home happy; still, wherever she can, to lessen or lighten toil is she at hand; and wherever she can bring happiness is she ready—ready at all times as a confidant, a guide, or a friend.

And the reason of our preference is, that with the latter case, the goodness is the genuine goodness of the heart, flowing deeply and silently, satisfied with the mere rectitude of purpose, and seeking nothing of display. But, with the case of the bride, there is much to stimulate and excite. Love is then in its height and fervency, and this prompts to much. Hope, too, paints the future with its many and beauteous teints. There is also added the gratulation of friends, the anxiety of parents, the wishes of brothers, the tears of sisters,—and these are so many causes of excitement and stimulation. But the wife, in her calmness and her quiet, having none to communicate with save her own heart and her God, patiently and calmly performing the requirements of her station, is such a picture of love, when most noble; of self-devotedness, when most heroic; of patience, when the trial is most severe; of goodness, when most genuine; and of disinterestedness, when most perfect,—that if asked for the most complete pattern of human excellence, we should not say, a bride; though she, in the fulness of hope, says to the man of her choice, "Where thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge; when thou sorrowest, I will mourn; when thou diest, the thread of my life will be severed;"—but our choice would rather fall upon the wife who, when hope's cheating phantoms have vanished away, maintains her love in its firmness and its fixedness, and journeys through life hand in hand with her husband, bearing her part in joy or wo, in pleasure or in pain.

It is the difficulty of the task which is assigned to *her, which gives* all this dignity and nobleness to

the character of a wife. It would be nothi
were a summer's day, radiant and beautiful,
sun ever shining, and the flowers always b
and the birds always singing: it is because
day chequered by clouds and darkened by
sorrow often withering the bloom, and mourn
taking the place of mirth, that a wife bec
noble; it is when she rises superior to trou
bears anguish and pain with meekness and p

As soon as the sacred bond is formed
unites for life, the duties of a wife commen
the rite of marriage, she is given authority
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and the ordering of domestic economy: an
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remonstrate, when to command and when to
when to depress and when to stimulate,—an
she manages this very difficult task with p
she will not find her wishes complied w
wants attended to, or herself happy. The
of a house should always make herself ac
with a servant's disposition; and whether in c
or praising, reference should be had to tha
sition. For a censure to an irritable tempe
using the spur to a fiery steed, working n
result than that of making it restiff and un
able:—whereas the raising the mind to a d
praise, like a cheering word to the horse, wo
stimulated to exertion without kindling the
obstinacy or rebellion.

In the regulation of expenditure, also, a wife will have to adapt means to the end. She will constantly have to consider the relative wants of the different departments over which she has power, and to see that all are arranged with such harmony and exactness, that while there is no profusion or extravagance in one, there is no paucity or meanness in any other. It is but poor economy, for the sake of finery and display to spend undue sums in show and dress when they are wanted for comfort; for there is more misery than happiness in attempting greater display than an income warrants; and the hardest of tasks, because the most unsatisfactory, is to keep up an appearance beyond one's own station; for so many manœuvres are obliged to be resorted to, and so many pieces of deceit to be practised, that the satisfaction of having made this display is purchased at a very heavy cost; yes, the loss of self-respect has been the price paid for it.

And in the arrangement of domestic comforts, a wife is called upon to spend thought, time, and labor. If it be true that

"Trifles make the sum of human things,"

especial pains should be paid to domestic comforts; and though it may seem but a little matter whether they are attended to which such great accuracy or not, it will be found that the results produced will be as widely different as possible. The grand secret of happiness is to make home happy; and the happiness of home depends upon domestic comfort. It is those trifling actions which, though they scarcely have a thought bestowed upon them when present, affect very much by their loss, which make up the happiness of home. It is, therefore, a wife's duty to see that as much of comfort as lies in her power to procure should be bestowed upon her husband, her *friends, and her* servants. The tastes of each *should be consulted*, and, as far as possible, suited;

and by doing so, a woman would have the satisfaction of seeing around her happy faces—all showing that her kindnesses were fully felt and duly appreciated.

"The arts of housewifery," says Dr. Aikin, "should be regarded as professional to the woman who intends to become a wife; and to select one for that station who is destitute of them, or disinclined to exercise them, however otherwise accomplished, is as absurd as it would be to choose for your lawyer or physician a man who excelled in anything but law or physic."

But while thus urging that a woman should engage in the arts of housewifery, we do not mean that they are so to be followed as to become a burden, or to shut out every other feeling from the mind, so that a woman shall not seem happy except when she is superintending some dusting or cleaning; nor yet so that she should be always in a state of anxiety and perplexity, surrounded with cares, and perpetually bespeaking the pity of her friends for the amount of labor she has to undergo—her whole attention taken up with inconsiderable expenses and petty retrenchments.

These are but the feelings displayed by narrow-minded economists; whereas a woman of sense and discernment provides that the whole machine shall move harmoniously, and makes allowance for those accidents which her prudence foresees as possible to occur. Such a wife as this is quite contented to oil the wheels of the household machinery: whereas the other is never so happy as when she has the machine in pieces.

And it is very easy to see which of the two will be likely to have the happier home. In the one, there will be harmony, order, and neatness; in the other, *bustle, con*fusion, and disorder.

There is yet another class of wives, which includes *those who* through negligence, ignorance, or want of

capacity, take no concern whatever in household arrangements. A house which has such a woman for a head soon runs into disorder for want of proper management; for servants always follow the example of their mistress, and are sure to neglect where they see negligence. There is always a sort of unwelcome aspect about such a house as this—there is neither comfort nor cheerfulness, and it is devoid of all that gives attraction: all is in disorder; chairs, tables, books, music, drawings, are huddled in strange confusion, as if all had returned to primitive chaos. Oh! luckless man is he who claims such a woman for his wife! When he returns home after his day of labor, he finds little congenial to his feelings. He seeks for quiet, and he finds none; he wishes for comfort, and he finds disorder; he is hungry, but the fire is out; he would have his wife to converse with—she is at her toilet; and much as he may have been attached to her, his affection will soon wane away. The romantic notions of love will soon give way to a real state of things; and thus, through mere neglect, without so much as a quarrel, may a woman forfeit her husband's love; for he looks for a wife with whom he can enjoy domestic happiness, and this is not to be enjoyed in a state of disorder and negligence. If a wife would secure her husband's love and affection she must pay regard to his tastes and comforts, his necessities and conveniences. Household duties should be performed with this end in view. The will to please should pervade every action; and when a man finds that the spirit of love shines upon him as soon as he enters his home, he will manifest an affection in return. We almost defy a man, however hard may be his heart, to be proof against such an attack as this. Let him but see that he is an object of thought and concern—let his wants and wishes be attended to—let him be the object upon which all actions tend, and he must *yield love in return.* Neglect, reproach, indifference,

he could bear: but when he finds himself followe by a fond look of love; when he sees so much don to please—so much patience displayed in providin for his comforts, so much love for his own ingratitude then is the iron driven to his soul, and he must lov in return, even in spite of himself.

How different a picture is presented in a hom where order and neatness reign! There is the never any bustle or confusion: there are stated time fixed for the performance of certain duties—eac day, each hour, has its allotted occupation, and the follow each other in regular and straightforwar order. And when the husband returns in the eve ning, he finds a home of neatness and comfort, clean and quiet fireside, and a wife ever ready to mee him with a smile. Let him look round the room and he will find everything there he likes best t see; so that if he had been allowed to enumerat the things he desired most, he would have numbere those very things which are around him. On th table are the books he finds most pleasure in read ing; on the piano, the music he delights in most and, more than all, he sees a wife's happy face look ing kindly upon him, who, free from all trouble an thought, is ready to join with him in the pleasur he may choose, whether of reading, conversation, o music.

About such a house as this, there is an air of cheer fulness even extending to the exterior; and a visite may be sure of a welcome and comfort before sh crosses the threshold. The windows seem to lool down smilingly with their bright and shining eyes and the smoke circles upward into the blue ether i curling and wheeling wreaths, as if capering witl joy; and the knocker sends forth a welcoming voice as if one of the giant porters of olden days had lef behind his loud and boisterous laugh.

And no sooner does the guest enter, than she find

that she was both expected and her company desired: there are no signs of engagements which her knock at the door has interrupted, and which have been hastily hidden; quite the contrary, without any studied forms, everything seems in the most exact order and neatness; there is no attempt at display, and the mistress of the house is ready to receive her guest with comfort and pleasure, without being repeatedly called away to superintend some unfinished labor, or to give orders for something to be done which had been neglected, and indeed never thought of until the moment came when it was required, and of course making everything hurry and confusion to repair former negligence.

Suppose, for instance, that one of those friendships which are so often formed in, and which throw a halo round the season of girlhood, has stood the storm of years and still blooms forth in fairness and freshness, unimpaired and unchanged by time, and that when both have grown into womanhood, these friends meet once again in a house which owns one as its mistress. How much of the happiness of each will be made to depend upon the order and arrangement of domestic affairs! Each, it may be, looks to this visit as likely to afford the greatest pleasure to both, for each remembers the time when they shared every hope and every fear together, and the mind still paints each as when last they met, forgetting how long a season has elapsed and how many changes in feeling and sentiment may have been wrought since they were last together.

A long journey may have been taken to effect this visit, and, full of hope and expectation, the visiter at length arrives; but how will her hopes be blasted and her expectations disappointed when she finds that her arrival has been totally unprepared for—her friend harassed and perplexed, busied with household cares, *and surrounded* with confusion and disorder, *with nothing in its* place, and every one hurrying

hither and thither in the greatest anxiety! In vain will the kindest welcome of words be given; in vain even will be the manner which evinces the sincerest wish to please and make all happy; the stranger will regret her visit, for she will feel that she is but adding another to the already too numerous cares which press upon her friend, and consequently she will shorten her stay as much as possible; for if one pays a visit to a friend like this, and finds the house in the utmost negligence, how little satisfaction will be derived! There will be the appearance that her presence is unwelcome—that her stay adds to troubles which are entered upon with reluctance; the friendship which may have existed fervently and ardently for years will be severed in an instant, and disappointment, vexation, and sorrow, will be the only fruits of the visit.

But let any one visit a friend who regulates her household affairs with order and prudence, and how different is the reception she is destined to meet! On entering, she finds that her visit has been both expected and prepared for; and warm-hearted and genuine is the greeting which is exchanged between those who, friends in the spring, now meet once again in the summer of life. On being shown into her room, the stranger finds that she has never been forgotten. She is surrounded by objects which recall vividly to her recollection the light-hearted times of girlhood. Drawings hang around her, many of them perhaps the works of her own hands, and given to her friend when, their school-days being over, they parted with sad hearts; and all, though not wrought by herself, representing some well-remembered scene—some haunted and sacred spot endeared by a thousand secret sympathies and recollections. Over the mantle-piece hangs some curious or beautiful specimen of workmanship, the joint produce of their needles, worked in those days when, like Juno's swans, they were sailing down

the stream of time, inseparable companions, and when each could say to the other—

> "We, Hernia,
> Have with our needles created both one flower,
> Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion—
> Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
> As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
> Had been incorporate."

There, too, lie the works of those authors which they used to read together; and these seem to have a voice, to speak of the happy scenes gone by; and the mementoes of the past which surround her have almost the power of bringing back the years that have passed, and all seems youth again. And so, wherever she goes, she finds that her tastes and her habits have been consulted, and that she has had a thought bestowed upon her in every arrangement and in every plan.

Then how happily the evening glides away! Time seems unnoticed, so noiseless is his tread; old days are called to mind—old friends are recollected—old scenes depicted—old pleasures talked over; and while enjoying this conversation, to them, as on the dial of Hezekiah, time seems to go back, and to give again the joyousness of youth, with its fairy dreams and hopes. Thus, in recounting these scenes of mutual joys and of mutual sorrows—in calling back the days that are passed, are the spring and summer of life made to walk hand-in-hand; yet more, round the brow of summer is woven the bright green wreath of spring, without anything of blight or decay; for the pleasures that are recalled are real and true, or they would not bear reviewing; and the sorrows have lost their hardness and harshness, for they are sorrows which have been met and triumphed over. Thus, too, is another flower twined into the *wreath of friendship*, which will bloom when *the winter of old age* draws on.

If there be a happy time to mortals, it is such as

this we have been endeavoring, though feebly, to depict. It is the happiness of heaven, tasted on earth; for there it is promised, that one great source of joy shall be derived from again meeting friends now lost, and from a contemplation of the sorrows and joys of earth.

But not alone is it needful for a wife to exercise her thought and prudence in the management of household duties; it is also necessary that she should have a mastery over herself. In the married state, a wife will find many things to perplex and weary, and many trials of temper will occur; but if she enter upon her duties and meet her troubles with cheerfulness, she will find that she has taken the surest way to overcome them. A cheerful disposition always looks upon the bright side of the picture, and thus the mountain of trouble is diminished to a mole-hill; whereas, a fretful and peevish temper takes the dark side—and it so has the power of magnifying trouble, that a mole-hill soon rises into a mountain: the amount of trouble which would weigh down one of these tempers would be regarded as a light matter by the other. Half the burdens which fall to the lot of mortals are made twice as heavy through their own fault. A little patience and a judicious arrangement will generally extricate a person from trouble; and that which might have been a Gordian knot, on account of its complexity and intricacy, becomes easily untied by entering upon the task with cheerfulness and good-will.

A wife can not expect that life will always be a sunny day, without a cloud to darken or a shadow to obscure: on the contrary, she will find that she will have many things both to harass and to weary her. She will have, it may be, to put up with much from the capriciousness and waywardness of her husband's temper: for she can not expect that when he has met with disappointment and vexation in the world, he will wear an unclouded brow at home. Setting

aside the help which a woman might afford her husband by her advice, she may assist him to a great extent by merely maintaining a cheerful countenance. By a little kindness and a little sympathy, she may disarm trouble of its power and make it easily borne when not to be overcome. But if she treat it with callousness and indifference, and show herself displeased that no thought is paid to gratify her pleasures for the evening, she is but adding to her husband's perplexities and increasing her own misery.

A wife should have these words for her motto, "Study to please;" and if she took them as her rule of conduct, she would find that they were endued with the power of a talisman, and that numerous would be the transformations worked by their means.

Suppose, for instance, that a wife has been deceived in her husband's temper, and that in place of having an amiable and considerate partner, she is wedded to a man of a morose and selfish temperament. What course shall she pursue? Shall she attempt reproaches, and endeavor by invectives and recrimination to subdue him? Shall she try tears and sobs, or breathe out exclamations on her unhappy lot? Shall she maintain a dogged callousness and indifference, showing herself to be totally unconcerned whether her husband be mirthful or sad, happy or miserable? Either of these attempts would be fruitless and abortive: the first would only bring back recrimination and reproach, the second would harden into indifference, and the third would be certain to extinguish whatever love might burn in his bosom. The best course would be to resort to the talisman, and "study to please." If this were attempted, the potency of the charm would soon become apparent. Let her at once try all arts to please—let her show herself ready to meet his wishes—let her remove everything from his sight *likely to awaken* disagreeable recollections—above

all, let her show that her own genuine wish is make him happy—and we think that very rarely w the plan be found to fail. There must, however, l no ostentatious display—nothing done in a way th would leave the impression that a great deal c trouble was undertaken on his account; but the a tions must flow from a really feeling heart, and t performed by the hands of the "fourth Grace," De icacy. But if the course thus recommended, be e tered upon with a desire really to please, we thir that it will issue in happiness: it is waving the oliv branch over stormy and disquieted passions, and, lik oil upon troubled water, makes them calm and peac ful.

The best way to teach a husband to be amiabl is for the wife to be so herself. Let her never in dulge in retort or recrimination—let her never giv "railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing"—an she will acquire a much greater power than if sh returned angry words. There is, however, a va difference between a patient silence and a callou insensibility: the one is calculated to allay, the oth to excite irritable feelings, and a wife must strictl keep her conduct from trenching on the latter; bu where an amiable feeling is displayed—where pa tience and submission are practised from real gooc ness of heart, we do not think they will long remai without reward. There is nothing which makes i way to the heart of a man so soon as this devote sensibility, which can not brave a frown from a hus band, though powerful enough to meet trouble i any form; and it is by this meek and confiding spir that a wife must hope to acquire power over her hus band, or she will never acquire it at all.

Such, we believe, is the great secret upon whic conjugal happiness depends—not upon the entir prostration of a wife to the will of a husband, but i *so blending* her will with his that every pulsation o *his heart* shall beat harmoniously and in unis *with her own*. By assimilating her tastes with

—by a yielding in points of indifference—by a readiness to show kindnesses toward him, and by maintaining a cheerfulness and amiableness of disposition, a wife may so work upon her husband, that she will reform much that is evil in his disposition, subdue much that is headstrong and imperious, calm much that is harsh, and make amiable and yielding much that is repulsive and requiring. And not only so —she may direct all that is noble and dignified in his character to lofty and honorable ends, and may point his goodness to glorious designs, so that when earth shall have disappeared—when time shall have passed into eternity, they may still shine, in pure and refulgent glory, in worlds beyond the skies.

CHAPTER IX.

THE VALUE AND EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

"To occupy the mind with useful employments, is among the best methods of guarding it from surrendering itself to dissipation. To occupy it with such employments regularly, is among the best methods of leading it to love them."—GISBORNE

It can take but few words to point out the value and importance of Time. Threescore years and ten is the term allotted for human life; yet how many fall in infancy—perishing in the spring-time of life, like flowers which a rude blast has smitten! How many more die in the summer of their days, ere the autumn has seared the leaf or withered the flower! And few are those whose existence extends through the full years of life, and who retire to rest when the winter-cloud darkens.

We address this chapter particularly to the young, who perhaps think the spring-time has scarcely dawned upon them, and that they need not be very solicitous *about the hours* they allow to glide away, *since the years* which they reckon their lives will

number will afford ample means of recovering the lost opportunities. It is a very strange thing, though all see that Death strides through the earth mowing down on the right hand and on the left they yet think that to them is given a charmed life, so that the arrows of the destroyer will pass harmlessly by, or that they are invulnerable and can not be injured by his shafts. Thus, all think of life: the young imagine that from youth to age must be a long lapse of years; and the old, that many sands must fall from the hour-glass of time ere they are summoned to the grave.

But though we all reckon thus upon a long life, time rolls away rapidly and silently, and our years quickly come to an end "as it were a tale that is told." How eloquent is the sermon that is gathered from the churchyard on the uncertainty of human life! Would we know "how frail we are," we must take the dead for our instructers, and listen to the homily delivered by the graves of the departed. The lone churchyard in which mortality slumbers when life's feverish dream is ended, speaks most pathetically of the value of time—every epitaph delivers a warning, every stone becomes a monitor, to those who think that life is never to end, and that time may be squandered uselessly or idly, since it will not run out for very many years. Solemn and impressive is the warning delivered by the dead; it comes from those who had joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, the same as those now have who still breathe the breath of life—it comes to those who assuredly ere many years, and perhaps ere many days, must sleep the sleep of death.

Let the dead, then, be our instructers on the shortness of life, and from crumbling gravestones and defaced epitaphs we may learn, that of all things, time is the most precious, and that the worst of infatuations, the greatest of follies, is to let it pass away *without* our improving our minds, or performing our *duties.*

Beneath that narrow sod an infant sleeps. Brief and transient was its stay upon earth; Death breathed upon its face, and before its eyes had seen earth in its beauty and light—before pain or pleasure had been felt, they were closed again for ever upon the world, and the flowers which were scattered upon its grave as the emblems of its innocency were also the truest emblems of its frailty.

In that grave, hard by, lies the dust of what was once youth, beauty, and goodness; and something like homage is due even to the ashes of what was once so lovely and amiable. She came like a spirit from a brighter land—the stay, the hope of her parents—their fond, their only child: wherever she went, blessings followed her; for friends knew her worth, the poor her charity, the mourners her sympathy, and the sick her kindness. But the stroke of the destroyer was not to be averted by loveliness of features, or by goodness of heart: ere the blossom had burst into bloom, the blight swept over her; she withered, sickened, and died; in vain were a father's prayers offered up—in vain were a mother's tears shed. Her sun went down while it was yet day; the spoiler seized her as his prey, and, heart-broken and childless, the parents followed to her grave the child who had been to them as an idol.

Repose yet in your deep tranquillity, ye coffined dead! We need not intrude further upon the sacredness of your sanctuaries; but we can not retire from the churchyard without being impressed with the idea that life is but an uncertain span, and that we can not reckon upon the hours which are yet to come. We find ourselves surrounded by tombstones raised to the young, and we know not how soon the call may be for ourselves. The present time only is our own—the next hour we may be numbered with the dead: but few sands may remain in the *glass*, and but few years may be added *to those already* numbered; and yet, in this brief

space of time there is work to be done wh
take centuries to accomplish, for our presen
period in which that most momentous thro
the die which casts for eternity; for every
life tells for futurity—every moment that
furnished for that end. Who then would
who then would be worthlessly employed?

Who would be idle—idle in a world like t
industry is the business of humanity? Em
in some shape or other, would seem to be
to every living creature; for turn where we
industry.

There is a voice in the sun, who, day
"cometh forth as a bridegroom from his
and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race
ding to be idle. There is a voice in the
they revolve in their everlasting march,
to be idle. The billows of the sea, in th
less rise and fall, have lifted up their ye
to preach against idleness. Everything
everything around us delivers a homily ag
ness. From the high angels of heaven, wh
day or night, to the tiny insect whose worl
or a water-drop, everything declares against
of idleness.

And as time is the most fleeting, so is it
precious of all things. To squander away
let hours run away—there is no folly equa
The prodigal who squanders away his gold i
so foolish as the prodigal who squanders
time. Industry may recover wealth—indus
to the utmost can never bring back the hour
lost.

And, independently of the folly of sq
time, the idle are always extremely c
and restless, a burden to themselves a
around them. There is no conquest half s
as that of killing time. Some employments
than others; but there is nothing so bad

no employment at all; for by being constantly idle, the mind contracts a rust which unfits it for anything.

All should rise early in the morning; for to waste hours in bed after nature is rested, ruins the health and unfits for the labors of the day. There is nothing more beautiful or healthful than a walk in the early part of the day during the months of summer; then is it that nature is most beautiful; all is fresh and lovely, with the dew hanging like pearls upon tree and flower. It seems then, as from a sleep of peace and calmness, nature starts into light and life, and hill and valley look growing and beautiful, and forest and meadow are illumined by the bright light of day.

Oh! Persian, thine was hardly superstition when thou prostratedst thyself before the rising sun; for so beautiful does nature appear when its golden light first rests upon the earth, so enchanting the heart by its richness and glory, that the spirit must be callous which has no eye for the beauties and no ear for the melodies which are everywhere around. It was the rising sun the Persian worshipped; and those who would enjoy the greatest of all blessings, that of health, must become in some sense its worshippers likewise.

Thus, by acquiring habits of early rising, is the mind stored with ideas of the beautiful and the glorious, and the body is preserved in health.

It is a wise arrangement to divide the day into sections, and to allot a given time to every occupation. By this method, every duty would have the proper time allotted to it; and there would be no fear, that one which afforded pleasure would be followed to such a length as to leave no time for another which might be regarded as less agreeable.

The first thing, to be considered is the preservation *of health; for, without* this, the duties devolving *upon any one must* be but imperfectly discharged,

or be performed in great pain; the day will have nothing of enjoyment, and the thought will necessarily be, how time will be best beguiled, instead of how it may be most promptly employed. By the system of rising early, and employing the first hours of the day in walking and exercise, health will generally be secured, except to those who labor under any malady or constitutional affliction; and even these (where practicable) will find much benefit from this practice. It is often thought that time spent in walking or exercise, without any other design than the promotion of health, is time wasted, and that it would be far more profitably employed in the discharge of duty; but, in place of this, the time best spent is the time spent in the pursuit of health; for though it does not discharge duties, it brings it to pass, that by means of this health the duties will be best discharged, because they will be entered upon with far more cheerfulness and alacrity than when the body is weakened by sickness and debility; and in order to perform the same amount of duty when the body is enfeebled as when it is healthful, it will be necessary to task powers to a greater extent, thus bringing a weariness and incapacity, and eventually causing the loss of more time than would have been spent if a few hours had been given to relaxation. All should bear in mind this truth: "If the iron be blunt, and ye do not whet the edge, then must ye put to more strength." Suppose, for example, a woodsman acting upon this principle (to whose labor Solomon's mind was probably directed when he penned this truth). After some hours of work, the man finds that his axe is blunted, and that the strokes he now gives tell but very little against the tree he is felling; but he neglects to sharpen his instrument, thinking that his labor would be hindered, and time lost. He then *continues* his work with his blunted axe, doubling *the force* of his stroke, in order to produce the same

ect as when his instrument was sharp. But he s acted very foolishly in neglecting to sharpen his strument; for by working with a blunted axe, he is to put to so much more strength, that his frame is hausted, and he is compelled at last to rest from his bor, because he has tasked his powers too much, d overwrought himself; and, from continuing to ork a blunted axe, he has, by the force of his blows gapped it that, in place of merely using the whet- one, ere he can proceed with his labor he must ind a new edge: whereas, if he had taken the udent step of stopping from his work and whetting ie edge of his axe when first blunted, he would have complished his task with no discomfort to himself, id in much less time.

And this is precisely the case with those who ink that time is lost in procuring health, or that ours of relaxation are so much time wasted: they, ke the woodsman, continue working with "blunted on," and in order to produce the same results they re obliged to overtask their powers; but their pow- rs can not long remain thus strained, and those who ractice this method will find that they must at ngth seek relaxation and rest—though then they ill have to sharpen faculties which, from being orked with when blunted, have become so gapped, at a far greater amount of time must be spent in inging them back to their first keenness, than if they ad been whetted when their bluntness first became pparent. It is always far better to give over a task r pursuit when the faculties have become blunted, o that it requires a redoubling the strength, either f mind or body, to master the task or accomplish the ursuit.

But having thus secured the best way of completing mployments, it is necessary to see what employments re those to which immortal creatures should direct heir attention.

It is very customary to divide employments into

two classes, regarding the one class as religiou and the other as secular; but all employmen should be made religious, for as much as industr is the command of God, to be industriously em ployed is obedience to that command; and wha ever is done in obedience to God's will is religio so that God may be as truly served in the duties o every-day life, as in the prayers breathed in the s cret hours of devotion, or in the services of th sanctuary. This is the spirit with which duti should be entered upon, and thus even the most tri ial actions would require a sacredness and a s lemnity, and the hours would never be allowed pass away without being usefully and profitably em ployed.

The first employments we enter upon should b those in which we have the greatest interest. To th young it will be those which strengthen their intelle —fit them for the duties of after-life, and make the more amiable and virtuous.

There are generally but few active duties devol ing upon the season of girlhood: this is the see time, and the fruits now sown will be reaped in w manhood. It is, therefore, incumbent upon the that they waste not this most precious time; for youth be spent in idleness, age will be passed in va regrets.

A considerable portion of time should be giv to household duties, for these are duties which th will be called upon to exercise in after-life. Let n a young maiden be ashamed of learning the arts housewifery; all useful knowledge is honorable, idl ness is the thing which brings shame, for idleness an insult to God and his laws, but useful employme is always honorable, and brings with it an accor panying blessing.

Much time also should be passed in reading a *reflection*; for the one without the other avails b *little*—a single volume carefully read and duly c

sidered will work a far better effect than a hundred lightly scanned through. It is not so much the quantity which is read, as the pains taken in understanding, which enlarges the intellect, expands the mind, and rectifies the heart.

At this period of life, too, before cares more peculiarly belonging to themselves demand her thought and time, a young woman should devote some portion of the day to the exercise of benevolence and the works of charity. In the hamlets and villages of "our native isle," how many are the offices which may be rendered by a benevolent and active female! In many a cottage is the influence of a disinterested disposition felt; and in many more it might be, if the young employed some portion of their time in visits of charity. There has been many an orphan supported and provided with employment—many a widow helped when her earthly prop has been withdrawn by death—many a comfort administered to the sick which the wealthy have always at command, but which never find their way into the cottage of a poor man except by the hand of benevolence—and, more, many a dying man has been comforted in his last moments, by the words of religion read or spoken by a benevolent and charitable female; and this has been effected by merely a benevolent person who devoted some portion of her time in rendering assistance to those to whom Providence gave but few of the good things or the comforts of life.

A young female may also spend much of her time in instructing the children of the poor—all in reading and writing, and the girls in needle-work. She is thus conferring a real benefit, for she fosters habits of industry, and makes an addition both to their own powers and to the scanty gains of their parents, inasmuch as the parents can now spend that time in labor which they would have to pass at home, with their children *ignorant or* idle.

But not alone must a young female spend all her time upon others; much should be passed in improving her intellectual attainments, and, in what is still more important, the attention to her moral faculties; she might store her mind with useful knowledge, and would thus find a companion in herself,—for it is very desirable that all should have as many resources in themselves as possible. And for this reason, also, the arts which are called accomplishments should also be acquired. Music is a divine art, and though all may not have the gift of acquiring it, yet, to those who have, it is productive of the greatest pleasure. It has so the power to charm the soul, to harmonize the feelings, that the poets might well fable, that its power "made the stones to move." Drawing and painting are both of them noble pursuits; they are the attempts of the mortal to copy the works of the Almighty, and teach humility, where most charming, by their excellence. In the same way, all those studies which are enumerated in the chapter on books might have time devoted to them—for all form a source of great delight and innocent gratification; they all enlarge the mind, teach compassion and benevolence, and make life pass away happily and usefully. Some portion of the day should also be devoted to self-examination. The night, with its calmness and quiet is generally considered as the best time to read over the heart. Then, when the events of the day are fresh upon the memory, a retrospective view should be taken of them; for many actions, which seemed right in the heat of the moment, will scarcely bear reviewing in the calmness of a chamber, and when the silence and stillness of night are spread around. The motives which stimulated to the performance of every word and every action should be rigidly considered and duly weighed, and the actions themselves deeply scrutinized. Such a system would *prevent the* recurrence of envy, scandal, pride, vanity—*for to know* one's fault is half-way toward correcting

them, and would stimulate to the performance of deeds lovely and of good report,—patience, charity, and kindness.

To this should also be added prayer and meditation. Not a day should be allowed to pass without some attention being paid to religious duty; for time moves on rapidly and silently, and soon the world will be closed upon us for ever. Then will wealth, or beauty, or rank avail but little; the death-bed is the place which tries the firmness of all principles, and those only die happily who, knowing that "the end of all this is death," live so as to be prepared to die when their hour shall arrive. To the votaries of the world, Death is indeed a "king of terrors;" but to those who have led a life of virtue and piety, Death becomes deprived of his sting, and with a smile on the cheek, and a bright glance in the eye, the dying yield themselves with cheerfulness to the tyrant's chill embrace.

Upon the right emylopment of time depends our happiness or misery through the endless ages of eternity: therefore how important is it that none should be wasted in idleness or unprofitably employed! What an account it would be to give hereafter, to say that life was spent in a state of listlessness and inactivity—that the mind was never employed in gathering knowledge, or the hands in industry, but that days were allowed to fly away in a state of dreamy inaction little better than torpor! What an account to give, to say that life passed away in vanity, in dress and display, without a serious thought, without a worthy action!—an account such as Addison imagines to have been given at the tribunal of Rhadamanthus. A young female of twenty-five is placed at the judge's bar, and this is her account of the manner in which she employed her time:—"I have endeavored," said *she, "ever since* I came into the world, to make *myself lovely* and to gain admirers; in order to do

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it, I passed my time in boiling up May-dew, ir
white-washes, mixing colors, cutting out]
consulting my glass, suiting my complexion."
a laudable set of occupations for any one tc
gaged in!

Yet the fact can not be denied, that many h
pass their lives in a state of inactivity, or
their time in such actions as those above ei
ted. But, happily for the glory of our land
happiness of our homes, many employ th
far differently. They regard time as the be
God has given to mortals, and they empl
time in his service, or in ways pleasing
Every hour is well spent, because spent u
and whatever their duties, whatever their
they perform those duties and the requiren
that station as in the fear of God. Thus
render services to all, fulfil the ends of their c
and die with bright hopes and glorious pros
future immortality.

Oh! if life be this fleeting span, let us m
best use of it in our power. To those on
lead a pious and useful life does the remer
remain—those who have wrought no good
fellow-mortals are forgotten when they di
the amiable and excellent, on the contrary,
they perish from the sight, continue long to
in the memories of those among whom the
These can not be said to die, for they are sti
ing usefulness, and this usefulness will last t
cease to be remembered.

Time moves on unchanged and uncha
and the effect of his movements are displaye
where around. "We all do fade as the le
leaf! that frail and fragile thing, which a s
can wither, or a breeze scatter—is that th
emblem of man? If we were to speak fai
should say it was; for every funeral that
through the street—every toll of the passi

every one we meet in mourner's garb, proclaims that so it is.

But those leaves which are twirled in fairy rings by the blasts of winter robe not the forest-trees again when the spring-time comes: whereas, when man's spring-time shall arrive, though a falling leaf on earth, he will rise up a tree of life—a tree of immortality.

CHAPTER X.

DRESS.

"How proud we are; how fond to shew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new,
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
That very clothing long before!"—DR. WATTS.

OF all vanities, the most foolish is that derived from a fondness for dress. A little mind is never so much shown as in this particular; and the reason is, that in no sense is a richness of dress dependant upon ourselves. Neither merit nor goodness is employed in procuring it, and whoever has a well-furnished purse may make a display in dress and finery. The vanity which is derived from beauty is hollow and vain, for as we, as individuals, do not make our own features, we have but little reason to be vain in that a symmetry of features has been bestowed upon us, which has been denied to others; and then the fleetness of beauty, liable to be defaced by sickness, and certain to be worn out in a few fleeting years, might well make the possessor regard it as a light matter, and not as one which set her at an immeasurable distance from most others of her sex. But forasmuch as beauty is a *rare gift of nature*, and, by its rareness, no less than *by its loveliness*, attracts vast notice and consider-

able homage, the mind has some little excuse for being inflated with vanity. The attention which is paid to beauty, the homage which it exacts from all, may make the possessor regard herself as formed of finer clay than the rest of the world, and imagine herself as raised far above the level of the generality of her sex.

But if we make this allowance in favor of beauty of person (though we are far from saying that loveliness of features is an apology for vanity, yet, as we are but frail at best, we should not think hardly or harshly of any one who prided herself a little upon the loveliness of her face), we can not do so in regard to those who rate themselves highly because they have fine clothes, or are adorned with costly jewels; for this latter vanity is so empty and contemptible, that those who indulge in it display the greatest narrowness of soul. But if this be an evil, how is it to be remedied? We reply, store the mind with real and useful knowledge, and the passion for dress will very soon be extinguished. There is in every heart an ambitious panting, a wish for notice and applause, and this feeling is, in its right direction, a high and noble one; but if it takes an improper turn, it becomes low and despicable.

We assume, then, that this feeling has full play in the minds of females—that they have a wish for notoriety and applause, and that they eagerly pant to be noticed and to be applauded. But in what way was it possible for them, at least in other days, to obtain these so-much-coveted plaudits? There was no way which we can discover, except by beauty or by dress. They could not hope to shine by mental acquirements, for these they scarcely possessed. The art of conversation they scarcely knew, for the passing topics of the day were all they were acquainted with: therefore, if they would shine, they had no *alternative* but that of resorting to the beauties of *person* or of dress.

It requires, therefore, but that the female mind should be expanded, and the foolish pride of dress would soon become obliterated. They would then seek for applause for real acquirements, in place of the follies arising from the display of finery; for no one displays tinsel who can exhibit gold, nor does any one wear paste who possesses diamonds. If the female mind were properly educated, women would then be as desirous of winning praise for real acquirements, as they are now for the follies of finery. It is this lack of knowledge which makes the mind stoop to the follies of dress, for they well know that this is the readiest way to win applause, and the passion for praise is inherent in our nature.

If we take a group of men, though they may all be dressed in a uniform black, we instantly detect the great from the ignoble, the learned from the ignorant. There is a difference in manner, in conversation, and in gesture, which bespeaks a man's station; and where one is found who prides himself upon the fashionable style of his dress, or the nicety with which his person is adorned, we, as an axiom, set that man down as possessed of a little mind—and the rule is so true that it hardly ever meets with an exception, for a great man to be a fop would be almost a marvellous occurrence. And the reason of the opinion is very obvious. The passion for praise is a dominant feature in the human heart; and when it can not be procured by that which is lofty and noble, it is striven to be obtained by that which is comparatively abject and paltry.

And so we believe would it be with women, if they were educated aright. They would seek for a loftier display than that of finery; their passion for praise would be so exalted, that they would regard those plaudits only as worth receiving which resounded for generous *qualities*, amiable feelings, or greatness of *mind.*

For even while seeking for show, woman must feel

that it is so empty and hollow, that little satisfaction can be gathered from the notice taken of a display of jewellery or a richness of dress.

Let but a woman neatly and plainly attired enter into society—one who has the art of pleasing by conversation, and who is possessed of considerable talents whether natural or acquired. How soon will she gather round her a company of auditors; and how soon will those who have only the richness of clothes to recommend them be passed by, or only followed by those who have not minds enongh to enter into, or be pleased with, a conversation which has for its subjects themes of high import or great worth! Then, if the choice were offered, would not those richly dressed ladies gladly exchange their finery for the power of conversation? We can hardly doubt it, for they must feel that they meet with no homage but from the ignorant, and the homage of such is likely to bring more disgust than pleasure.

There has always been a great outcry raised about the folly of female vanity; and homily after homily has been delivered upon the absurdity of courting applause by dressing gorgeously. But little good was ever effected by such sermons—vanity remained as powerful as ever, and dress and fashion had as many votaries. The only way to get rid of this species of vanity is, to raise the feelings to their proper ends. Vanity originates in a passion for praise; if the praise were made to depend upon mental adornment, in place of personal, the folly of dress would soon be done away with; and in place of, as now, being solicitous about dress, woman would be anxious to display mental beauty. The vanity would remain the same, but it would be raised and dignified; the feeling would be restored to its proper position, *and women*, in place of striving to eclipse one another *in richness* of apparel and costliness of gems, would *try to clothe* their minds with virtue, and to adorn

them with virtue and goodness, far richer and rarer jewels than the diamond or the ruby.

If this reasoning be correct, the education of the mind would at once put an end to the folly of dressing after the fancies of every new fashion. We should not then see practices resorted to, which, for the sake of display, work a vast injury upon the constitution, bringing deformity, ill health, and other numerous trains of evils. We should not then see hours wasted in learning the newest fashions, or the most approved mode of adorning the person; but, satisfied with the apparel becoming the station of life she occupied, a woman would be content with neatness and simplicity, and would think more of the cultivation of the mind and less of the adornment of the person.

Incalculable mischief has been wrought by the passion for vanity, and fondness for dress. From the higher ranks it soon descended to the lower, and servants quickly learned to be as vain as their mistresses, and as fond of display; so that in place of the neatness and modesty of apparel which once characterized the domestics of this land, they have become proverbial for their fondness of display and ill-judged finery. And, by this foolish vanity, they expose themselves to numberless evils and temptations; and many a young woman, who would have gone through life innocently and happily, has, by dress and display, thrown herself into the seducer's power, and ended her days wretchedly and guiltily. Neither is this remark to be confined to servants—to mistresses as well is it applicable. Is it not a temptation thrown out to the libertine, for a female to be adorned in the extreme of fashion? fashion being generally absurd, and oftentimes indelicate; for ere a woman can do so she must have lost the delicate modesty of her sex, and this having departed, a libertine will not be over-scrupulous *in his advances* or his speeches.

It has generally been observed, that ladies eminent

for their mental acquirements have been e
negligent about their dress. This conduct
plays vanity—it is the vanity of wishing to be
not vain. They see the foolish vanity of
which is everywhere around them, and perh
that to be at the widest distance from it is
but the reverse of wrong is not always r
in this particular instance it most certainl
To run from vanity to negligence is going o
bad quality into another, and thus getting
Charybdis to avoid being stranded upo
for there is frequently as much vanity
in keeping from a fashion as in being on
first who embraced it: in either case, it is
of being thought singular, and the love
larity is vanity. We should not, therefore,
from a charge of vanity a lady who, beca
sessed of considerable mental attainments, m
an extreme negligence with regard to d
person; this very carelessness would be a
vanity, and that too in a great degree: for t
gence in this instance would arise from a
be noticed, and to have her conduct co
on. We should, on the contrary, regar
least open to the charge of vanity, who, tho
sessed of learning and talent, at the same tim
ed herself careful that her dress should be
becoming.

Equally reprehensible with the fondness
is slovenliness and negligence with regard
Those who are negligent of their own per
generally of untidy habits—and these are a
worst of bad qualities. A disposition is per
where more completely displayed than in th
and arrangement of dress; so that by enc
neatness, economy, and simplicity, in this pa
great step is taken toward bringing the disp
love and practise other virtues.

We would, therefore, particularly recommend all pay a due regard to dress: for a neatly-dressed rson always meets with a respect which a slovenly e fails to command.

Dress is, as it were, a letter of recommendation ıich all carry about with them; and in many, if not ɔst instances, the mind forms a liking or takes a dis- e to a stranger on the first appearance. It would :e a long time to wear off the bad impression which ɔuld be left by the presence of a stranger in a venly or untidy dress, as it is generally imagined ıt the same carelessness runs through all actions, i therefore that the disposition must be one of ıich carelessness and negligence form a considerable rtion.

There is, perhaps, little fear of these habits being ıplayed in society, though they are frequently ıctised at home. A wife thinks it but a slight ıtter that her husband should see her moving rough his house dressed in so disorderly and negli- nt a manner, that she would be ashamed to be en so by any of her friends. She will perhaps y, that "she is in her own home, and has a right dress as she pleases." She may have the power doing so, but hardly, we think, the right; for relessness and indolence have no *right* to be prac- ed. But, independently of that reason, she has no ght to present herself to her husband in a dress she ɔuld instantly take off were a friend to favor her ith a call; for her husband should be regarded as e best and most worthy of friends, to whom she is und to show both decorum and respect; and if it ɔuld be regarded as an insult to a friend to be seen us dressed, so should it be to a husband. By dres- ıg slovenly when her husband only is present, a wife citly offers an insult; for by her conduct she de- ares that he is of so little importance in her estima- ɔn, that *it matters nothing* how she dresses. And it

is quite idle to say that a man takes no concern in l
wife's dress, and that it makes but little differen
whether she display neatness or negligence. We a
quite sure that the reverse holds good, and that a m
is as much pleased to see his wife dressed with ne
ness, as he is grieved to see her practise negligence
her attire.

The same holds good with regards to daug
ters. It is an insult to parents for a young fem
to show that she thinks any dress good enough
them, when at the same time she evinces mu
concern about her appearance if she have to go fr
home.

It is only in these and such-like instances t
women display such negligence and disregard;
the power of vanity is so great, that they are v
careful in their apparel when mixing with socie
They seem to think that they shall meet with
respect unless they dress finely and showily; l
we think that if the experiment were tried, it wo
be found that if the mental qualifications w
thought of more, a modest and neat dress wo
win a far greater degree both of respect and of
tention.

The dresses which women should be most anxi
to wear are those which are woven in the loom
Virtue by the hands of Modesty and Simplicity, a
trimmed and adorned by Delicacy.

Let it not be thought that woman has o
power of attracting when the flower-wreath encir
her brow; and she is robed in costly silks spang
with bright gems. She may weave for her bro
brighter wreath than that of flowers, composed
virtue, gentleness, kindness, amiable feelings,
love. Brighter jewels than any dug from the m
or dived from the pearly strand, are knowledge, v
dom, and talents; while richer and more glori
than the costliest silks that ever India saw, is
robe of modesty.

These form the attire which females should strive to array themselves in—they will not fade, or dim, or wear; neither age nor time shall impair them—no, nor yet death! Death will remove them but from one land that they may shine more glorious in another. But if any still think that the pursuit after dress is the most noble and appropriate occupation, we entreat them yet to pause ere they decide, while we briefly sketch the too probable effects. They may study the fashions—they may be pleased with display—they may listen to the flatteries which are sure to follow youth when gayly dressed, and yet more when to youth is added beauty: but we would let them know, that vain as their own vanity is the pursuit they are following, unreal and unsatisfactory are their pleasures, and generally purchased at the loss of health. And when health goes, where is beauty? Old age will come before its time, since dissipation and late hours soon dim the eye and wither the cheek; and they will then find that few are the flattering things poured into their ears, and that the same assembly which saw them triumphing and surrounded with admirers will now see them crest-fallen and deserted. Too late they will find that the flatteries they received were for youth and beauty—not for them; and that the one was to the other as fire is to light: so when one expires the other is no more. But their passion for vanity, will this die away with the decline of beauty? Alas! no. The probabilities are that art will be called in to hide the decay of nature. Dress will be followed to a yet greater height, and jewellery be added in greater abundance: but what sight is there which can bring greater contempt than the old lady of fashion striving to hide the lost lustre of her eye by the diamond's sparkling rays, and the want of the color of youth by artificial means? And her hours, how are they passed? Her whole *soul is, perhaps,* engrossed by cards, which, invented

originally for a madman, have continued to be the pastime for fools, and which always try the temper where they do not induce the spirit of gambling! Or else she forms a companionship with others like herself, and employs her time in scandal, in hearing and reciting tales affecting her neighbors and friends, in prying into their secrets and then relating them with additions and exaggerations to their hurt and misery. Thus will she spend her days in these despicable practices, or others of a like nature, without anything of real enjoyment, and without performing one single action of real worth. And death—a fearful thing must be the death of such a one! without one bright line being traced on the many years of life which now rise up in phantoms before her, to chide her for having allowed them to pass so uselessly away. A costly monument may be erected over her, but not a tear will hallow it.

Such is the end of vanity. But to those who pursue a different line of conduct, far otherwise will be the result. They look upon dress in its true and proper light,—not regarding it as the most essential of all things, but merely as a great help in making them agreeable and attractive. They therefore, trust to dress to procure favor at first sight, though they leave to the higher qualities of the mind the keeping the favor when once gained: and thus they care that their apparel should exhibit more of simplicity than of costliness, and more of neatness than of display; and in that, as in everything else, they study propriety. The delight of ostentation and display is not a feeling predominant in their minds, but has given place to others far higher and better: the applause now wished for, is the praise bestowed upon virtue, and upon a well-cultivated intellect. And, of course, those things which are considered as the grand powers of pleasing will have the greatest *pains bestowed* upon their cultivation; and thus, in *place of* spending much time in the study of dress,

ime will be passed in reading their own hearts,
cultivating their understandings; in striving to
ne good rather than beautiful; and great, through
cquirements of the mind, rather than through
dornment of the person.
d it is needless to say which of the two courses
nd the happier. The money which is saved by
regard to economy in dress is not likely to be
in any idle extravagance. To some good pur-
it is sure to be devoted. In all probability it will
stowed in works of benevolence—in actions of
ty, and thus find its way to the poor and needy.
with the money, time will be also given,—not
self alone will the hours be spent, but others will
a portion of that time given to the consideration
eir wants, and the best way of remedying them.
when death comes to those who follow this prac-
they will be cheered by the retrospect of a life
spent; and though no costly monument be reared
eir memory, they will have truer memorials than
marble were caused to bend tearful over them
morials in tears of unfeigned regret, deep and
g sorrow, one tear of which is more precious
all the monuments that ever were reared, or all
pitaphs that poets ever penned; for the marble
e tuneful lay is often reared and written for these
ent only for riches or rank, but the genuine tear
rrow never falls but for those who have proved
benefactors to the human race.

CHAPTER XI.

TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

'Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward."—JOB.

it be true, that the sight of a great man man-
struggling against trouble is enough to make
ods shed tears, that of a virtuous woman bear

ing sorrow with patience and fortitude might well bring angels from heaven to cheer and comfort her.

Almost synonymous with suffering is the name of woman; for though the troubles which man and woman have to bear may, if considered in the abstract, be much the same in amount, yet if reference be made to woman's sensibility, whether of mind or body, the suffering must fall much heavier upon her than upon man. She is so formed as not to be firm enough to withstand, or yet flexible enough to bend to the blast of affliction.

Man has indeed vast trials and troubles; but then he has both a mind and a body constitutionally fitted to grapple with them; whereas a woman has to bear the same amount of affliction with a temperament the very reverse. So fair, so fragile as women are, are they to be exposed against the jarring winds which affliction lets loose, and which spread desolation and sorrow wheresoever they sweep? Are the sensibilities and the feelings which so adorn the female heart to be stung by grief, when they seem only fitted for gayety and joy?

Women are naturally buoyant and light-hearted—the eye beaming with brightness, and the cheek usually wearing a smile; but this must bring equally a sense of pain, for the heart most easily pleased is soonest saddened. If they were more indifferent to pleasure, there would be a greater callousness to pain. It is this very sensitiveness of their nature which makes pain so much more easily felt, as the brightest mirror is the soonest sullied.

In every station she can occupy, is a woman exposed to trial and to trouble; and the more she is bound to others, the more is she exposed to sorrow in her own person.

The happiest and most endearing of all the terms which can be applied to woman, is undoubtedly *that of* mother. But who can tell a mother's trials —*a mother's* troubles, sorrows, or afflictions? Tak

mother in her happiest moments; see her encir-
led by her children, with whom she is playing—
One she kisses upon its cheek, and clasps another
) her bosom; one she sets upon her knee, and finds a
eat upon her foot. for another." There is, then, to
er, joy unmingled with sorrow, and pleasure free
om pain. She has forgotten the anguish she suf-
ered in giving these childern birth; she thinks not of
he many sleepless nights she passed while she was
vatching and guarding the helplessness of infancy.
The gay smile and the happy look she wears, attest
he pleasure she feels; but they also tell how deep
vould be the suffering if aught of evil were to hap-
en to her offspring. And, ere long, it may be the
ore stroke comes, and one of her children is laid
ipon a bed of sickness. And a very sore trial is
his to a mother; her fond pictures of the future are
lasted in an instant, and she has to attend upon the
hild, pallid and pained by sickness, with whom she
vas so fondly playing but a short period before.
Who but a mother can know a mother's feelings,
vhen called upon to discharge a duty like this?
Iow much anxiety, how much watchfulness is dis-
layed; how eagerly she notes the irregular and
everish breathings of her child? And often does it
iappen that sickness not only comes to one child, but
hat it runs through the whole group. Before many
lays the mother will detect the hectic spot brighten-
ng on another fair cheek—too surely presaging the
ncrease of her troubles, her anxieties, and her pains.
But she relaxes nothing of her solicitude or care.
With her amount of hardships, appears to increase
ier power to overcome them; and, amidst this disease
ind these trials, she maintains her usual calmness and
ierenity of mind.

A brief time passes away, and the darkened win-
lows of that house proclaim that one of its inmates
s *a corpse. It is* the brightest and the fairest that
eath hath laid low. Of the two that sickened, one

is fast returning to health and joy; the other lies cold and dead.

While there remained life, hope still lingered; but when the one went out, the other fled. And now has a mother to mourn over a departed child—this trial of trials, how shall a woman's heart bear up against so much as this? Oh! the mother will stand at the side of her pale child, and will fix a deep and penetrating look upon those calm and placid features, which ere mortality begins to settle them, look more like marble than death; and she will impress a burning kiss upon its cheek, too cold, alas! to be warmed by this fondest token. She may not speak; but her tears—these, which form the most powerful of oratory—these tell how the heart is wrung with anguish, how riven with grief.

And not only does an affliction like this bring with it poignancy of grief and deepness of sorrow—how severe a trial is it also of temper! The hardest of all things is to bear affliction with a right mind; and many a secret thought is likely to arise in a mother's mind when standing by the side of a dead child, suggesting the idea that God has dealt hardly and harshly in inflicting so severe a blow; and a murmur may arise that the even-handed justice of God has not been shown in her case, and that the dispensations of his providence are not always right. It is a hard task, and therefore a very severe trial, to bear affliction with patience and resignation; for the heart of a mother so bereaved feels that a severer, and as she thinks a more unjust stroke, has been dealt upon her than upon others. She will call to mind the youth, the innocence of her departed child: and all these will seem to her so many reasons why death should have been kept away. But she will not think how many mothers have been similarly bereaved, and how many scalding tears they have shed over children death has thus stricken—*for grief* to all but a resigned and patient temp

selfish. Under these trials, therefore, the heart ıould bend with patience to the will of God. And ough the eye may still weep, and the heart be rrowed, yet in the midst of all, by recognising in e affliction the hand of a father, the lips may breathe rth with perfect sincerity, "The Lord gave, and e Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of e Lord."

But all the duties of a mother are so many trials: watch and train her children, to guard the wayardness of youth, to teach, to admonish, to instruct, advise,—all are attended with hardships, and, erefore, all are trials. She will find so many ings to try her own temper—she will have to maiin so strict a guard over herself, lest, her own nduct disapproving those things she teaches, that hich she plants with one hand, she may be pluckg up with the other. And a severer trial than all ese frequently assails a mother—for those are bors she delights in, and the pleasure she feels performing them compensates for the difficulty of e tasks. But when a mother sees that all these structions have been thrown away, and that a ıild is entering a path which conducts to ruin, en will her trial be most severe and poignant; d, in the bitterness of her grief, she would wish ther to have seen a son coffined and buried, had ; been virtuous, than that he should live to disnor God, disgrace his parents, and ruin himself. ıd it will add considerably to her grief when she lls to mind how imperfect at best many of her structions must have been; she will think that ore might still have been done—though there as very much—to try to wean him from his atchment to bad companions, and to base and unorthy pursuits.

And to the deep grief which is ever to be felt by ; *recklessness* and immorality of a child, will be *led the painful* thoughts arising from the knowl-

edge that though she taught and instructed to th best of her power, yet that if she had thought mor deeply, she might have followed a better method and that the ill success may be partly chargeabl upon herself. And this is, perhaps, one of the sores trials a mother can have befall her; for she charge herself, in all probability undeservedly, with having through negligence or improper management, suf fered evil habits to obtain the ascendency in th mind of her child; so that over and above the pai which she feels on account of him who manifests proneness to evil, there will be added the pain de rived from the thought that much of this pronenes is chargeable upon herself. And the nobler th mind, the more will this feeling rise; for it is th invariable characteristic of great minds to think hum bly of themselves.

These, then, are all so many causes of trial to mother; and they are so numerous and manifest that the history of a mother might be told in thes few words: "She is born to trouble."

Nor are the temptations to which a mother i exposed much less numerous than her trials. Sur rounded by those who are entirely dependant upo her, is she not tempted to manifest a degree of prid and arrogance,—to treat her children as if with lif they had derived everything else from her, so tha her will was law, and no opinion tenable which sh did not entertain? And this is a temptation b which many, very many, mothers are overcome, s that their children seem at home to be complet ciphers, and only enjoy life when out of their moth er's presence.

How much, too, is a mother tempted to a frequen display of anger! So many vexations and crosse are continually pressing upon her, that she mus *frequently* be tempted to display pique and irritability *Again,* from the continued demand upon her atte *tion, she* is liable to lose patience, and hastily

rriedly to perform a duty, or perhaps altogether to glect it.

These are all so many temptations to the display an unholy and unamiable disposition to which a ther is exposed. She should therefore keep a ard upon her actions, and set a watch upon her s, lest she perform some action in a moment of ger, or utter some expression when her temper is cited, which will in calmer hours bring with it gret and repentance. Knowing how much depends upon her, a mother should be careful in erything she says and does; and then will the ils she has undergone, and the temptations she s resisted, become bright jewels in her crown of mortality.

Equally to a wife is life a source of trial. The aracter and disposition of each inmate in her use may be a great source of trial; but it is a sband who brings it down upon her head in its ignancy and bitterness. It is on him that all her ections are centred; and when she finds that but le love is yielded her in return, then must she dergo a severe trial. If he should prove unkind d inconstant, requiring that she be solicitous for comforts, though he may show but small con-n for hers,—if he indulge in habits of sensuality d debauchery, preferring the midnight revel, with voluptuous pleasures, to the calm attractiveness home,—there will be a severe trial inflicted on a fe—a trial of patience, of temper, of virtue, and love.

But if the reverse is the case, and a wife finds the sband of her love to be also the truest and dear-friend she has, she may still be exposed to trial d trouble. If they be so firmly linked to each ier that one heart seems to beat in both breasts, en will every pain which befalls the one be equally *rial to the other*. A wife will have to bear all a *sband's pain*—she will have to share all

troubles and all his sorrows; and the burden will fall heavier upon her, from her temper being so much more susceptible, for the mere seeing a husband's heart grieved will be a trial to her own. There can not then be a trial he has to undergo which is not equally a trial to her, nor can any of those numerous casualties which so often befall humanity happen to him without her participating in their perplexity and trouble. And thus, as the world is always presenting something of disappointment and care, will a wife be continually having many trials. But more than all these, and far heavier and harder, will be those to which she may be brought by sickness and death: these heir-looms of humanity, which no amount of prudence can guard against, bring with them the severest trials, and cause the greatest hardships to be undergone.

How hard is the trial inflicted upon a wife who has to minister to the wants of a husband when lying upon a bed of sickness! Sickness, like sorrow, makes the heart selfish, and many will be the peevish whims she may be called upon to gratify; many an unreasonable request is sure to be made by the invalid; and over and above these, the trial of seeing one she loves in pain: and thus she will have many things to try her temper, for her patience, her kindness, and her love, are sure to be tasked to the utmost.

But, alas! sickness is too often the stepping-stone to death and perhaps before many days that loved husband may be numbered with the dead. This is the hardest of all trials. The midnight watchings—the unremitting attention the sick-chamber requires—the want of sleep,—all these a wife could have borne with patience and resignation; but death—this has bereaved her of all that she held dearest—this has *riven her* heart, and the gushing tears which roll *down her* cheek proclaim how deeply flowed the *stream of* affection.

The most inconsolable of all things is the heart f a widow in the first days of her bereavement, and herefore is this affliction which brings so much rief the severest of all trials. It is vain to tell her hat time will soften her grief, and that sorrow is navailing, benefiting not the dead, and only injuring he living; it is equally useless to say that sorrow vill not bring back the dead to life. The heart of he widow would answer, in the words of the phi-osopher of old—"It is for that very reason I am hedding tears." For a time at least she will remain leaf to all consolation—nay, she will wish even that onsolation should not be offered, for she will not or a moment entertain the thought that her departed husband can ever be forgotten, or that she shall re-;ard at any time as less severe the blow which de-rived her of that truest of her earthly friends. She vill call to mind all the scenes and events in which hey bore a part,—the joyousness of youth—the leepness of their loves—the actions in which they oth participated—the sorrows no less than the joys vhich they shared together,—and all these will be so nany different voices to tell of the greatness of her ereavement, declaring the hardness of the trial she is alled upon to undergo.

And, under a trial like this, where shall the wid-wed heart find comfort? • Friends may gather round her, eager to show their sympathy, and triving to cheer her in these troublous hours. But he sympathy of friends is unsatisfactory at best, even when most kind; for it only tells of the great-ess of the loss, and brings nothing to cheer or make esigned under the affliction. They may tell her hat death is unavoidable—that time will mitigate he grief—that the retrospect of her conduct is such, hat she can not charge herself with neglect to her husband—and that, therefore, she should not take is death *so much to* heart. But all such sympa-hy *as this is unavailing*. It is like attempting to

bring back the glories of the day after the sun has gone down, by exhibiting the blackness of night; and, in the one case as in the other, in place of being reconciled, the mind the more regrets the loss of former brightness.

And as affliction is hard to bear at all, so is it yet harder to meet it in a right and proper frame of mind. Many a murmur will be breathed—many a secret thought is likely to arise, on the inequality of God's dealing; and a comparison to be drawn between herself and others, who seem blessed with everything of health and happiness. It is only by and through a genuine practical religion that affliction can be borne patiently and resignedly; for religion teaches the ends and uses of affliction, and thus prepares the mind to encounter it with patience. It does not seek to wrap up the heart in the rigidity of stoicism,—it does not forbid the shedding of tears, or the manifestation of sorrow; for tears are the balm to a wounded spirit, and Christians have an example they may follow, in that their master wept. But while not forbidding—nay, even encouraging—the grief of the heart to flow in drops from the eyes, religion tells us that all afflictions are sent for a good end, and that the heart should not repine or murmur when they come, for that it is the hand of a father who deals the blow,—not for the pleasure of giving pain, but because afflictive dispensations are a means to lead the heart from earth to heaven—from the evanescent and perishable, to the eternal and everlasting.

It were easy to speak further of the trials which still attach themselves to the female heart, illustrating them by the tears which fall from the eyes of a daughter who stands over the grave where a loved parent sleeps, or by those shed by a sister over the ashes of a brother. But without going further into *detail* upon these points, we may say with truth, that *the* amount of her suffering is of fearful extent and *of bitter* poignancy.

It is hardly too much to say that the life of a woman is a life of trial—so continual is the demand upon her energy and firmness, when constitutionally she is made yielding and submissive. How much of patience is woman called upon to endure! how many secret cares which the world knows not of, are locked up in her breast! and though the eye beams with brightness and the cheek may wear a smile, yet the heart is disquieted and troubled—grief, like a canker-worm, is eating at the core, though the bud be still beautiful.

In all the duties of women, great trials are inflicted upon them—principally trials of the mind—those of temper, of resolution, and of kindness; and all these have to be encountered singly and silently—there is no applause to follow success—no mighty crowds surround them to stimulate to exertion, and to urge on to victory; but in the secret depths of their own hearts the struggle is carried on; there is it that the strife takes place, and human eyes see nothing of the conflict, nor is anything divulged of the difficulty of the war.

How many trials are also inflicted by the unamiable dispositions, which, more or less, have a lodgment in every heart! What a fierce struggle with nature is it when any strive to conquer a disposition which they know to be wrong, but which has been so engrafted in them as to have "grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength!" Suppose the disposition which it is wished to conquer be passion,—what numberless battles will have to be fought before victory is obtained! To such a disposition, at the mere utterance of a word, the heart takes fire, and, in an instant, the brow is wrapped in darkness, as in a thunder-cloud, and the eye flashes forth its lightning, and truly difficult is it to so have the heart under control under circumstances of sudden irritation, that the feelings shall be subdued and kept under. Sup-

pose pride or vanity to be the characteristic featur of the disposition; but, sensible of the impropriety an attempt is made to subdue it: what a revolutio will have to be effected ere the proud mind can b brought to humility, or the vain to think others a good or better than themselves!

In these and in similar instances the trials ar very difficult to be overcome, not only because th struggle is acquiring a mastery over nature—whic of itself is sufficiently a trial—but also because while the struggle is carried on, there will not b breathed, to cheer the combatant, a word of en couragement, of support, or of commendation.

To woman, as to man, come sickness and death and these both have their trials. What a demand upon patience and resignation is made when th body is pained by sickness and enfeebled by dis ease! What a trial, when the prospect of disso lution is present to the view—when pain is severing the silken cords which bind soul to body, and the world is receding quickly from the view! It may have been a female's part to have tended the sick bed of a relative, and to have cheered and comforted when the death-struggle came on; and in these she may have displayed the noblest and the best feelings which adorn human nature. But when she herself comes to the point of death, far different may be the feelings which agitate her breast. It is one thing to see sickness and death, but quite another to have to meet them.

It is of all things the most solemn and awful to die. A trial is then made of every principle which has been held by the mind—the world then begins to be regarded in its true light—actions are brought to their proper standard, and only those who have prepared for death can meet their last enemy with complacency; for, "as the production of the metal *proveth the* work of the alchymist, so is death the *test of our* lives, the essay which showeth the stan*dard of* all our actions."

And this is a trial all have to submit to. In life it happens that many afflictions descend upon one individual, whereas others scarcely know what trouble is—but death is the appointed lot of all. It comes in a thousand forms and a thousand different ways, but it surely comes. And only those who have lived in preparation for death die with a bright hope of immortality.

It is the buoyancy of woman's nature which gives yet greater keenness to the trials by which she is encompassed. Possessing a mind naturally imaginative and lively, and a disposition which makes her concentrate all her energies upon every object which engages her attention, she thereby brings upon herself much trouble. A disposition which is constantly imagining, suffers troubles which perhaps have no existence; for the slightest cloud soon assumes the blackness of night, and imagined trouble is often far harder to bear than real, and by every energy being roused, disappointments are sure to have very frequently to be encountered, and from these causes commonly arise to woman many and severe trials.

The temptations to which women are exposed are almost as numerous as their trials, especially during the season of youth, when the heart is most light and the cheek wears its fairest teint. From the homage which the world pays to beauty, they are led to vanity, and tempted to pursuits which procure them flatteries and homage. Hence they are induced to enlist themselves in the companionship of those who think pleasure the greatest good, and its pursuit the noblest occupation. And if a woman yield to this first temptation, others quickly rise up around her. She will see that much which she had been accustomed to consider high and noble is counted of no great worth by the world's votaries. Truth might have been regarded as a holy thing, and to *speak anything* false was like profanation to the *lips: but in the* world she will find that flatteries

take the place of truth, and in order to stand well with others, and to have admirers around her, a young woman may soon exchange her love of truth for the sake of uttering things she does not feel—hollow flatteries and empty praise.

The female sex are exposed to many temptations from their having but few objects of interest to engage their attention. From the period of leaving school to that of marriage, the life of a female is generally little more than a blank. She leaves school with expanded faculties, high hopes, beating expectations, and ardor of application, but not a suitable object upon which to expend them—and thus she wastes lofty thoughts, and brilliant purposes, and surprising powers, on the dull earth or the deaf air; she seems like some glorious temple, beautiful in architecture, costly in ornaments, rich in splendor, and radiant with light, but wanting a shrine upon which to burn incense, and a God to adore.

At first fancy becomes busy, peopling the air with images, building up imaginary structures, and depicting events in which themselves act the part of a heroine; but, by degrees, this feeling cools down or becomes overwrought, and then follows a state of inactivity, which at last ends in complete *ennui*. Then are various remedies tried to restore the lost spirits, and the temptations which they will be assailed with will be those which lead them to seek pleasure, perhaps, in these most unsatisfactory ones—in the constantly spending the evenings at parties, in the ball-room, or at the theatre.

There are yet remaining so many temptations to which females are exposed, that it would be tedious to enumerate them all. It is commonly said that women have but few temptations in common with the other sex. It may be true that they have not many from the great world without; but they have many —*very* many—from the little world within. Every *thought* which suggests the following the expedien

in place of the right is a powerful temptation; every suggestion to the pride of display, or to the passion for flattery or applause, is a temptation; every secret longing after unpossessed good—every desire to shine pre-eminent in beauty,—all are so many temptations which scatter roses before the feet, but bring ruin in their train.

Surrounded by trials and environed by temptations, woman stands—trials the hardest to bear, and temptations the most difficult to overcome; and to meet these, she is endowed with a weak and delicate frame, and with a mind in which fortitude appears to hold but a small place. And yet the disasters which almost break down the spirit of man are borne patiently, energetically, and nobly, by the softer sex—as though trouble had a magical power over the female heart, on the mere touch of which woman rose from weakness and dependance to be a guide, a comforter, and a support.

It was once a matter of debate, whether women ought to be educated; and, proud of his own learning, man bounded off, by a broad line of demarcation, female intellect from his own. But if he wants to know how trouble is to be endured or temptation resisted, let him cast aside his speculations of science —let him shut up his books on the strength of human intellect, and the greatness of human understanding —let him banish from his sight his wild and visionary theories, in which there exist as much fiction as truth —and let him go to woman—woman whom, in his pride and his intolerance, he hardly thought worth educating; and there he will find that what intellect has failed to accomplish, has been achieved by the moral affections alone.

CHAPTER XII.

[illegible] THE ONLY SOLACE IN AFFLICTION

[illegible] we devoutly [illegible]
[illegible] Hope [illegible] the sales.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] is dead,
[illegible] the way."—THOMSON.

[illegible] is, divested of all hope of [illegible] gloomy picture could scarcely [illegible] We come into a world which, at e[illegible] presents sorrow and disappointm[illegible] [illegible] an idea of happiness. [illegible] of the fancied good: [illegible] existed in imagina[illegible] [illegible] thereof was like that c[illegible] which is no sooner gras[illegible] [illegible] off in the hand; wh[illegible] [illegible] arises to the mind a l[illegible] [illegible] ourselves must encount[illegible] [illegible] ones which would [illegible] those we love best. Misfortune, and pain, [illegible] haunt our footsteps, and hardly will one di[illegible] be overcome ere another, as from the ashes [illegible] former, will arise, like a cloud in the west, [illegible] the brightness of the day. At every turn [illegible] at every point we reach, we [illegible] perplexity are assailing [illegible] is taken into [illegible] dealings with th[illegible] The god of [illegible] revenge, deligh[illegible] The [illegible] having [illegible] interlop[illegible]

ıought for the lowliest and the meanest of the ·eatures he has formed. It is this great truth ·hich religion inculcates, and is a truth in which, as ·eatures subjected to sorrow, and pain, and death, ·e have the greatest possible interest; for without ıis truth being fully understood, affliction will never ɜ regarded under a proper point of view, or be borne ·ith a right spirit.

There is a mother bending in tearful agony over ıe lifeless form of her only child. The bitterness ' grief is present to her in its most poignant form; ıd as she presses her lips to the pale, cold cheek ' her beloved child, she feels that the blow has ɜen unjustly dealt, and that the bud should have ɜen left to become a flower ere it was smitten by ıe blast. It will be thus that she reasons :—"Oh! I had been God, should I not have spared this irest flower? Should I have let the blast of death veep over it, and bring down the young—the ·autiful—the innocent—to the cold grave? Could have dimmed the lustre of those eyes, which, blue the midnight hea[illegible] were, like those heavens, e habitation of l[illegible] ould I have faded the lor of that fair c[illegible] which the rose's teints ere scarcely mor[illegible] Could I have destroy- all that beaut[illegible] all that [illegible]ess—and ought so soon [illegible] ndemns [illegible] to [illegible] t?"

It [illegible] be [illegible] com- [illegible] of h[illegible] cold [illegible] th[illegible] ch of [illegible] to [illegible] her [illegible] fou[illegible] f the [illegible] sup- [illegible] g to [illegible] just- [illegible] voul[illegible] may [illegible] r sor- [illegible]

to one, and granting happiness beyond a common share to another. But to all created things which live upon your globe have I thus dealt. Do not the evidences which are to be gathered from every beast, every bird, and every insect, attest that all has been done which could give to the things which I have created the greatest possible amount of enjoyment? Where the life is brief, is it not bright? and to those creatures which die when the sun goes down, has not their life been a day of sunshine? And why with the human family should it be supposed that I deal more hardly than with the insect of a day? Have I not endowed the human race with vast powers and surprising faculties, far beyond those I have given to the rest of earth's tenants—giving to them an immortal soul, and destining them to dwell in that high kingdom where my own throne is set, when their present life is ended? All that I have done for human-kind—the love I have manifested for them—bearing with their ingratitude, and with the contempt manifested toward my commandments—ought to have been sufficient to have brought all hearts to be centred on myself. I sent into the world prophets and wise men, gifted with supernatural powers, and endued with a prescience belonging only to myself, and even went so far as to assume humanity myself, that the bright heritage forfeited by apostacy might be regained. And, for all that has been done—for all that has been borne, I ask no hard service. Love and obedience are all that is demanded;—love to myself, which, while it is my due, is the highest honor bestowed upon humanity; and obedience to my laws, the infringement of which is sure to bring misery to the transgressor.

"But so degraded is the human heart, that even with the best, earth still holds them in restraint. Some links are binding down the heart—some dear friend has the affections, and the heart is weaned

from myself. But as I know the frailty of humanity, I deal with it as gently as I can. Removing the ties and breaking the links which bind to earth, I thus seek to bring the heart back to myself. If affliction be sent, it is to show the perishableness of everything earthly; if sickness, to bring back the heart to look for support where alone it is to be found.

"You arraign me unjustly in accusing me of harshly dealing with you. It is true, death has overtaken your child in the bright dawn of love: but that child was to you an idol, occupying every thought, and causing you to forget God. You put the gift in the place of the Giver, and set your affections upon that so entirely as to exclude from your thoughts obligations yet more binding. But now that your child is no more, you will, when time has softened down your grief, attend once more to the duties of religion. Recognising a Father's hand in the chastisement, you will learn to set your affections on brighter objects and on more enduring things.

"A mother's love—it is a holy feeling. I, who gave that love, know best its depth and fervency. But even that feeling may be abused. It may descend to idolatry, and then the thoughts are turned completely from their God.

"But if, to turn the mother's heart to religious duties, I have permitted that her child should fall under the power of the destroyer, have I herein dealt unjustly? Am I not the God of life? can I, therefore, be pleased with death? In taking the young from the world, I but remove them to a happier land. The bright bud which childhood wears, is not always certain of blooming as brightly: and in all cases are they taken from the evil to come. Life is not always happiness, nor early death a curse. *If your child* had lived, temptations would *have assailed it,* which it would not have overcome:

troubles and sorrows would have crowded upon it, and life would have presented little of enjoyment, and very much of suffering. Will you, then, arraign my dispensations, declaring them unjust and harsh, when the stroke which seemed to destroy, has saved you both?—saved you, in that your heart will return to think of God; and saved your child, by removing it before the world had thrown round it its attractions which would have engrossed its soul, and brought its ruin."

It is under this view that the Bible presents the dealings of God, and under no other creed than Christianity is there to be gathered anything of comfort or consolation. It is only the thought that God's purposes are always for the best which can cheer under suffering, comfort under trouble, and deprive death of its sting. Sorrow is deprived of much of its bitterness by regarding the affliction as sent by a Being whose attributes are those of benevolence and love.

The doctrine of a particular Providence is a doctrine fraught with the greatest consolation to mankind, who are born to sorrow. Not only is it that nothing can happen but what God permits—nothing can happen but what he enjoins. The notion of God should not be, that he has lit up the sun, and given the winds power to roam through the world; but rather that his glance is in every beam, and his breath in every breeze. The idea should not be entertained, that after having given life to men, God concerns himself no more with his creatures; but rather that through his special interference is it that breath follows breath, and pulse succeeds pulse; so that in every trouble and in every joy—in every hope which rises to cheer and in every doubt which darkens the hand of God may be discerned, producing out of a thousand seeming ills, and a thousand *apparent* discrepancies, not only a general, but an *individual good.*

And how much of consolation is there to a heart when deeply stricken with sorrow, to be able to feel that all afflictions are sent for a wise purpose, and that there is a bright kingdom hereafter, where pain shall have no entrance! It would go far to dry a mother's tears, which the death of her child has caused to flow, if she could be thus persuaded to regard the dealings of God. It would be to take half the bitterness from sorrow, if she could be made to feel, that in allowing death to take her child, God has been dealing both kindly and gently, in that he has removed it from the world when the heart was innocent, and pain and sorrow scarcely known.

When the mind is impressed with religion, there is always a calmness and serenity; prosperity does not elate, nor adversity depress; and the reason of this is, that both are considered as coming from God—the one as well as the other counted as ministering to good.

No doubt afflictions presented in the taking away by death of those held the dearest, and those the most loved, though not the only ones befalling humanity, are the hardest to be borne. The tears which fall from mourners' eyes, whether it be a parent over a child, a wife over a husband, a child over a parent, or a sister over a brother or a sister,—these speak of afflictions the bitterest and most trying; for other losses may again be made up, but when death bereaves us of those we love, who shall bring back the departed? tears can not do it—grief has no power—prayers avail not. "We shall go to them, but they will not return to us," is the conviction forced upon every mind which has thought upon God. And how sweet is the thought that the dead will again be seen—that those long mourned for on earth will be met again in a brighter land! This feeling is of itself sufficient to dry the eye and cheer the *heart. Brief may* be the separation—a journey *would almost have* parted them for as long a lapse

of time, and then those endearing ties of friendship and love, which bound but for a moment and then were severed, shall be reunited in that land where nothing dies. That such will be the case, religion assures us; while hope raises her radiant finger and points upward to the skies.

But not only in these cases is the power of religion felt—in others less severe its influence is apparent. Is it the loss of property which is grieving the heart? has worldly substance crumbled away, leaving but scanty means of subsistence, in place of the hitherto comparatively large resources and ample revenue? The voice of religion is heard—"If earthly riches make to themselves wings and fly away, are there not yet riches more enduring stored in heaven? Earthly riches are fleeting and transient; heavenly, firm and abiding. Earthly possessions can but be enjoyed for a few years: heavenly are eternal." And does it not, then, take much from the hardness of poverty to think that abundance may soon again be the portion—and abundance which never grows less, and knows no change?

Or it may be the loss of friends which grieves the heart—friends who, like the swallows, left when the winter drew on. It is a hard trial to see friends who could smile in our prosperity, desert us in adversity; leaving us in sickness and sorrow, though ever present with us when the heart was light and the spirit gay. But if earthly friends prove unkind deserting us in the hour of need, and withdrawing their support when most required, still has religion power to sooth and comfort. The truth religion tells us in such a case is, that if earthly friends desert, there is still left a friend in heaven—a friend who sticketh closer than a brother, and who will never *desert* or forsake us, but who will be a guide under *difficulty*, a support under trouble, and a comforter *under* every sorrow.

Oh! thus, in whatever form trouble may come—in whatever shape or under whatever aspect, religion still brings a comfort and a support; there is not a sorrow which it can not cheer, nor a doubt which it can not remove, nor a difficulty which it can not prepare for; it bids us "cast all our care upon God, for he careth for us."

And not only is religion a guide through life—it is also that which teaches us how death may be best prepared for. The calmest and happiest death-beds are those which have religion to cheer. We do not always expect that nothing of weakness will be displayed even by those whose lives have been most exemplary, and whose hearts have been firmly fixed upon God. The breaking up of this earthly house—the tearing down the curious fastenings, that the soul may quit its tenement—this of itself is almost sufficient to bring dismay and fear. And the liberated spirit, where shall it find a home? It must travel, a lonely and a widowed thing, through the vastness of immensity; the place of its future abode "eye hath not seen," and of all the souls which have quitted human bodies, not one has returned to tell of the land in which it dwells. And that body, too, which is so "fearfully and wonderfully made," and which has been guarded with so much care, is to be taken down, joint from joint and limb from limb, to become a plaything for the winds and a sport for the elements, and to mingle with its kindred dust and ashes.

No marvel is it, with such thoughts as these, that the mind should display something of weakness. It might even be considered marvellous if no weakness were exhibited, considering how fearful a thing death is, and what a vast change it will effect.

But to those who have made religion the guide of life, death is not fearful. The spirit, it is true, *must quit its habitation*; but the knowledge that it *returns to the God* who gave it, destroys the pain

take the place of truth, and in order to stand well with others, and to have admirers around her, a young woman may soon exchange her love of truth for the sake of uttering things she does not feel—hollow flatteries and empty praise.

The female sex are exposed to many temptations from their having but few objects of interest to engage their attention. From the period of leaving school to that of marriage, the life of a female is generally little more than a blank. She leaves school with expanded faculties, high hopes, beating expectations, and ardor of application, but not a suitable object upon which to expend them—and thus she wastes lofty thoughts, and brilliant purposes, and surprising powers, on the dull earth or the deaf air; she seems like some glorious temple, beautiful in architecture, costly in ornaments, rich in splendor, and radiant with light, but wanting a shrine upon which to burn incense, and a God to adore.

At first fancy becomes busy, peopling the air with images, building up imaginary structures, and depicting events in which themselves act the part of a heroine; but, by degrees, this feeling cools down or becomes overwrought, and then follows a state of inactivity, which at last ends in complete *ennui*. Then are various remedies tried to restore the lost spirits, and the temptations which they will be assailed with will be those which lead them to seek pleasure, perhaps, in these most unsatisfactory ones—in the constantly spending the evenings at parties, in the ball-room, or at the theatre.

There are yet remaining so many temptations to which females are exposed, that it would be tedious to enumerate them all. It is commonly said that women have but few temptations in common with the other sex. It may be true that they have not many from the great world without; but they have many —*very* many—from the little world within. Every *thought* which suggests the following the expedient

in place of the right is a powerful temptation; every suggestion to the pride of display, or to the passion for flattery or applause, is a temptation; every secret longing after unpossessed good—every desire to shine pre-eminent in beauty,—all are so many temptations which scatter roses before the feet, but bring ruin in their train.

Surrounded by trials and environed by temptations, woman stands—trials the hardest to bear, and temptations the most difficult to overcome; and to meet these, she is endowed with a weak and delicate frame, and with a mind in which fortitude appears to hold but a small place. And yet the disasters which almost break down the spirit of man are borne patiently, energetically, and nobly, by the softer sex—as though trouble had a magical power over the female heart, on the mere touch of which woman rose from weakness and dependance to be a guide, a comforter, and a support.

It was once a matter of debate, whether women ought to be educated; and, proud of his own learning, man bounded off, by a broad line of demarcation, female intellect from his own. But if he wants to know how trouble is to be endured or temptation resisted, let him cast aside his speculations of science—let him shut up his books on the strength of human intellect, and the greatness of human understanding—let him banish from his sight his wild and visionary theories, in which there exist as much fiction as truth—and let him go to woman—woman whom, in his pride and his intolerance, he hardly thought worth educating; and there he will find that what intellect has failed to accomplish, has been achieved by the moral affections alone.

CHAPTER XII.

RELIGION THE ONLY SOLACE IN AFFLICTION.

"Taught by your doctrines, we devoutly rise:
Faith points the way, and Hope unbars the skies.
You tune our passions, teach them how to roll,
And sink the body but to raise the soul;
To raise it, bear it to mysterious day,
Nor want an angel to direct the way."—THOMSON.

If we take life as it is, divested of all hope of the future, a more gloomy picture could scarcely be imagined. We come into a world which, at every step we turn, presents sorrow and disappointment. Each makes for himself an idea of happiness, and all set forth on the pursuit of the fancied good; but all find that their happiness existed in imagination only, and that the pursuit thereof was like that of a boy chasing a butterfly, which is no sooner grasped than the bright hues come off in the hand; while, on the other hand, there arises to the mind a long train of troubles which ourselves must encounter, and the still more lengthened ones which would befall those we love best. Misfortune, and pain, and death, haunt our footsteps, and hardly will one difficulty be overcome ere another, as from the ashes of the former, will arise, like a cloud in the west, to dim the brightness of the day. At every turn we take, at every point we reach, we find that trouble and perplexity are assailing us. It is only when religion is taken into account, that the justness of God's dealings with the human family becomes apparent. The god of the savage is a god of wrath and revenge, delighting in slaughter, and revelling in blood. The god of the skeptic is a being who, after having once given laws, allows all to go on without interference or control. But the God of the *Christian* is a God of love,—a God who, while concerned in ordering the movement of systems, has

thought for the lowliest and the meanest of the creatures he has formed. It is this great truth which religion inculcates, and is a truth in which, as creatures subjected to sorrow, and pain, and death, we have the greatest possible interest; for without this truth being fully understood, affliction will never be regarded under a proper point of view, or be borne with a right spirit.

There is a mother bending in tearful agony over the lifeless form of her only child. The bitterness of grief is present to her in its most poignant form; and as she presses her lips to the pale, cold cheek of her beloved child, she feels that the blow has been unjustly dealt, and that the bud should have been left to become a flower ere it was smitten by the blast. It will be thus that she reasons:—"Oh! if I had been God, should I not have spared this fairest flower? Should I have let the blast of death sweep over it, and bring down the young—the beautiful—the innocent—to the cold grave? Could I have dimmed the lustre of those eyes, which, blue as the midnight heavens, were, like those heavens, the habitation of love? Could I have faded the color of that fair cheek, than which the rose's teints were scarcely more beautiful? Could I have destroyed all that beauty—withered all that fairness—and brought so soon the dread curse which condemns dust to return to its kindred dust?"

It is thus a mother might be supposed to complain when she sees the child of her love lying cold and still. She will probably think that much of injustice has been done alike to herself and to her child in thus destroying the fondest hopes of the one, and the life of the other. But if we may suppose the Almighty as desiring to vindicate the justness of his own actions, it would be thus, we may imagine, the reply would be made: "In your sor*row, oh! fond mo*ther, you accuse me of injustice *and partiality,* dealing affliction in undue measure

to one, and granting happiness beyond a common share to another. But to all created things which live upon your globe have I thus dealt. Do not the evidences which are to be gathered from every beast, every bird, and every insect, attest that all has been done which could give to the things which I have created the greatest possible amount of enjoyment? Where the life is brief, is it not bright? and to those creatures which die when the sun goes down, has not their life been a day of sunshine? And why with the human family should it be supposed that I deal more hardly than with the insect of a day? Have I not endowed the human race with vast powers and surprising faculties, far beyond those I have given to the rest of earth's tenants—giving to them an immortal soul, and destining them to dwell in that high kingdom where my own throne is set, when their present life is ended? All that I have done for human-kind—the love I have manifested for them—bearing with their ingratitude, and with the contempt manifested toward my commandments—ought to have been sufficient to have brought all hearts to be centred on myself. I sent into the world prophets and wise men, gifted with supernatural powers, and endued with a prescience belonging only to myself, and even went so far as to assume humanity myself, that the bright heritage forfeited by apostacy might be regained. And, for all that has been done—for all that has been borne, I ask no hard service. Love and obedience are all that is demanded;—love to myself, which, while it is my due, is the highest honor bestowed upon humanity; and obedience to my laws, the infringement of which is sure to bring misery to the transgressor.

"But so degraded is the human heart, that even *with the* best, earth still holds them in restraint. *Some links* are binding down the heart—some dear *friend* has the affections, and the heart is weane

from myself. But as I know the frailty of humanity, I deal with it as gently as I can. Removing the ties and breaking the links which bind to earth, I thus seek to bring the heart back to myself. If affliction be sent, it is to show the perishableness of everything earthly; if sickness, to bring back the heart to look for support where alone it is to be found.

"You arraign me unjustly in accusing me of harshly dealing with you. It is true, death has overtaken your child in the bright dawn of love: but that child was to you an idol, occupying every thought, and causing you to forget God. You put the gift in the place of the Giver, and set your affections upon that so entirely as to exclude from your thoughts obligations yet more binding. But now that your child is no more, you will, when time has softened down your grief, attend once more to the duties of religion. Recognising a Father's hand in the chastisement, you will learn to set your affections on brighter objects and on more enduring things.

"A mother's love—it is a holy feeling. I, who gave that love, know best its depth and fervency. But even that feeling may be abused. It may descend to idolatry, and then the thoughts are turned completely from their God.

"But if, to turn the mother's heart to religious duties, I have permitted that her child should fall under the power of the destroyer, have I herein dealt unjustly? Am I not the God of life? can I, therefore, be pleased with death? In taking the young from the world, I but remove them to a happier land. The bright bud which childhood wears, is not always certain of blooming as brightly: and in all cases are they taken from the evil to come. Life is not always happiness, nor early death a *curse. If your child* had lived, temptations would *have assailed it,* which it would not have overcome:

troubles and sorrows would have crowded upon it, and life would have presented little of enjoyment, and very much of suffering. Will you, then, arraign my dispensations, declaring them unjust and harsh, when the stroke which seemed to destroy, has saved you both?—saved you, in that your heart will return to think of God; and saved your child, by removing it before the world had thrown round it its attractions which would have engrossed its soul, and brought its ruin."

It is under this view that the Bible presents the dealings of God, and under no other creed than Christianity is there to be gathered anything of comfort or consolation. It is only the thought that God's purposes are always for the best which can cheer under suffering, comfort under trouble, and deprive death of its sting. Sorrow is deprived of much of its bitterness by regarding the affliction as sent by a Being whose attributes are those of benevolence and love.

The doctrine of a particular Providence is a doctrine fraught with the greatest consolation to mankind, who are born to sorrow. Not only is it that nothing can happen but what God permits—nothing can happen but what he enjoins. The notion of God should not be, that he has lit up the sun, and given the winds power to roam through the world; but rather that his glance is in every beam, and his breath in every breeze. The idea should not be entertained, that after having given life to men, God concerns himself no more with his creatures; but rather that through his special interference is it that breath follows breath, and pulse succeeds pulse; so that in every trouble and in every joy—in every hope which rises to cheer and in every doubt which darkens the hand of God may be discerned, producing out of a thousand seeming ills, and a thousand *apparent* discrepancies, not only a general, but an *individual* good.

And how much of consolation is there to a heart
hen deeply stricken with sorrow, to be able to feel
at all afflictions are sent for a wise purpose, and
at there is a bright kingdom hereafter, where pain
all have no entrance! It would go far to dry a
other's tears, which the death of her child has
used to flow, if she could be thus persuaded to
gard the dealings of God. It would be to take
lf the bitterness from sorrow, if she could be made
feel, that in allowing death to take her child, God
is been dealing both kindly and gently, in that he
is removed it from the world when the heart was
nocent, and pain and sorrow scarcely known.

When the mind is impressed with religion, there
always a calmness and serenity; prosperity does
)t elate, nor adversity depress; and the reason of
is is, that both are considered as coming from God—
ie one as well as the other counted as ministering to
)od.

No doubt afflictions presented in the taking away
r death of those held the dearest, and those the most
ved, though not the only ones befalling humanity,
'e the hardest to be borne. The tears which fall
om mourners' eyes, whether it be a parent over a
iild, a wife over a husband, a child over a parent,
a sister over a brother or a sister,—these speak of
flictions the bitterest and most trying; for other
sses may again be made up, but when death be-
aves us of those we love, who shall bring back
ie departed? tears can not do it—grief has no
)wer—prayers avail not. "We shall go to them,
at they will not return to us," is the conviction
rced upon every mind which has thought upon
od. And how sweet is the thought that the dead
ill again be seen—that those long mourned for
n earth will be met again in a brighter land! This
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of time, and then those endearing ties of friendship and love, which bound but for a moment and then were severed, shall be reunited in that land where nothing dies. That such will be the case, religion assures us; while hope raises her radiant finger and points upward to the skies.

But not only in these cases is the power of religion felt—in others less severe its influence is apparent. Is it the loss of property which is grieving the heart? has worldly substance crumbled away, leaving but scanty means of subsistence, in place of the hitherto comparatively large resources and ample revenue? The voice of religion is heard—"If earthly riches make to themselves wings and fly away, are there not yet riches more enduring stored in heaven? Earthly riches are fleeting and transient; heavenly, firm and abiding. Earthly possessions can but be enjoyed for a few years; heavenly are eternal." And does it not, then, take much from the hardness of poverty to think that abundance may soon again be the portion—and abundance which never grows less, and knows no change?

Or it may be the loss of friends which grieves the heart—friends who, like the swallows, left when the winter drew on. It is a hard trial to see friends who could smile in our prosperity, desert us in adversity; leaving us in sickness and sorrow, though ever present with us when the heart was light and the spirit gay. But if earthly friends prove unkind, deserting us in the hour of need, and withdrawing their support when most required, still has religion power to sooth and comfort. The truth religion tells us in such a case is, that if earthly friends desert, there is still left a friend in heaven—a friend who sticketh closer than a brother, and who will never *desert* or forsake us, but who will be a guide under *difficulty*, a support under trouble, and a comforter *under* every sorrow.

Oh! thus, in whatever form trouble may come—in whatever shape or under whatever aspect, religion still brings a comfort and a support; there is not a sorrow which it can not cheer, nor a doubt which it can not remove, nor a difficulty which it can not prepare for; it bids us "cast all our care upon God, for he careth for us."

And not only is religion a guide through life—it is also that which teaches us how death may be best prepared for. The calmest and happiest death-beds are those which have religion to cheer. We do not always expect that nothing of weakness will be displayed even by those whose lives have been most exemplary, and whose hearts have been firmly fixed upon God. The breaking up of this earthly house—the tearing down the curious fastenings, that the soul may quit its tenement—this of itself is almost sufficient to bring dismay and fear. And the liberated spirit, where shall it find a home? It must travel, a lonely and a widowed thing, through the vastness of immensity; the place of its future abode "eye hath not seen," and of all the souls which have quitted human bodies, not one has returned to tell of the land in which it dwells. And that body, too, which is so "fearfully and wonderfully made," and which has been guarded with so much care, is to be taken down, joint from joint and limb from limb, to become a plaything for the winds and a sport for the elements, and to mingle with its kindred dust and ashes.

No marvel is it, with such thoughts as these, that the mind should display something of weakness. It might even be considered marvellous if no weakness were exhibited, considering how fearful a thing death is, and what a vast change it will effect.

But to those who have made religion the guide of life, death is not fearful. The spirit, it is true, *must quit its habitation*; but the knowledge that it *returns to the God* who gave it, destroys the pain

which the thought of its separation would otherwise give. And the body, this must return to the grave; but the thought of the great glories which await it hereafter, more than compensate for the dishonor attending dissolution. And so it comes to pass, that while weeping friends stand around vainly striving to hide their grief, the dying person contemplates the death which is so fast approaching, with calmness and complacency, and after having bid all those who are gathered round the bedside an affectionate farewell, and entreated them to mitigate their sorrow, yields the last breath with the bright hope of a glorious immortality.

If thus religion were made the guide of life, we should not be so cast down when sorrow came. Having our thoughts fixed on a higher and better land, our words would be those of that honest Hibernian, who, on being told that the house in which he dwelt was on fire, replied, "What care I for the house, I am but a lodger!" We should feel that we were but lodgers on earth; that our home was heaven; and little, therefore, should we be moved by those calamities which befall us, except so far as to make our affections become more firmly centred on our happy home. If we were fairly to regard earth and all belonging to it, we should not suffer all our affections to be engrossed by it: for an individual is but as a speck or an atom—a bubble in the ocean. And little as a single individual is counted, less is the concern manifested when death shall have ended his worldly career. The morrow after he shall have quitted this lower world, the sun will rise as brightly, the birds will sing as sweetly, and the flowers bloom as beautifully as ever. Nature never puts on the garb of mourning, nor ever drops a tear. Why, then, should we maintain such a vast attachment to this world, which cares not for our presence while *living, nor* mourns our loss when dead!—a world, *moreover,* which cheats us at every turn,—giving

shadows for substances, and phantoms for realities, and which gives so long a train of troubles and pains. And yet knowing all this, still the world has a vast influence over us; and though in every other instance we put off a present small good for a future great one, in this particular we prefer the present and insignificant to the future and glorious; so that if it were not for the afflictive dispensations of Providence, we should never carry our thoughts beyond the present narrow limits, and the future would be kept entirely from our view. These keep the mind from entirely resting on earth, by the continual display of the transitoriness and unsatisfactoriness of its possession. Were it not for the hope of a glorious hereafter, we should be creatures who were always grasping at the unsubstantial, and pursuing the visionary—mariners without a compass—travellers without a guide—catching at shadows, and attempting to track the course of meteors; and as all our endeavors to procure the fancied good would be utterly unavailing, we should meet with nothing but continual disappointment. The afflictive dispensations of Providence, at the same time, lead the mind to see how hollow at best are the pleasures earth has to bestow, and to draw the mind thence to heaven. But if affliction be not borne with a right spirit, it works harm in place of good; if the heart be not softened, it is sure to become hardened. Afflictions never leave us entirely as they find us; and when they do not reform, they make us callous. The mind will never retain exactly the same position after as before the discipline of Providence; and if we do not go forward, we are certain to retrogade. But it seems to be counted of all things the most desperate of wickedness to continue in a state of irreligion after afflictions have been sent: for of Ahaz is this testimony left, as if to mark him off from all *others*: "*And in* the time of his distress did he *trespass against* the Lord: this is that king Ahaz."

Many were the evil actions of this king, but through none is he marked out for obloquy and shame; the ban is fixed upon him for having *in distress* trespassed against his God. So generally true is it, that when suffering and trouble come, the heart turns to God, that it certainly seems to show a degree of desperation and hardihood to sin in the time of distress.

Those who are impressed with a firm sense of religion are seldom ruffled by the events of time. Such are mostly contented; for whatever their station, they look round the globe and see yet many worse off than themselves—many who wander through the world deserted and forlorn, with none to sooth or cheer them under the severest affliction —without a home, without a friend. They then look up to the bright heavens above, and reflect that but a few brief years and their habitation will be in that glorious land. When friends forsake, they have still the bright flowers and the green trees, upon which they can place their affections; and more than all, they still have their God; so that in no case can they be downcast or disheartened—they have always something to cheer and something to enjoy.

It was religion which supported the propagators of Christianity in its earliest days, urging them to brave danger, persecution, and death; it was religion which supported martyrs at the stake and the scaffold, when doomed to seal the charter of their faith with their blood; it has been religion which has supported so many under trials the most severe, and afflictions the most bitter; it has been religion which has cheered the poor in their destitution, the orphan in his loneliness, the widow in her sorrow, the suffering in their pain; and, more than all, it has been religion which has taken the bitterness from death, making it almost a blessing more than a curse, compelling the tyrant to perform the part of a friend *rather than* that of a destroyer; so that not only

with complacency, but even with gladness, have many sunk to that sleep which shall last till the judgment-day, when they will arise in glory, and as they enter heaven, declare with joy that religion was happiness.

Such is religion when affliction is to be encountered; but it is equally the guide through the more prosperous paths of life. A religion embraced with the heart will always assert such a power over the actions, that few will be those which, being wrong, are deliberately performed! Very many, it is true, are the trials which assail humanity, and many are those who are perhaps tempted to murmur against God for having enjoined so strict an obedience to his laws, and yet surrounded them with so many things which tempt to disobedience. "Passions," say they, "have been implanted in our nature, and the counterpart to these passions the world offers. Can we then be very wrong in following the impulses of that nature which we did not implant in ourselves, and over which we have so little control? Shall the votaries of pleasure be held blamable, when their nature prompted them to take part in voluptuous enjoyments—enjoyments which can be procured at every turn, and in which so many of their friends are entreating them to participate? Or shall any of those who possess dispositions which are counted vicious, be reckoned so blamable when they follow out the bent of those dispositions they never planted in themselves? Shall the avaricious, or the covetous, or the vain, or the proud, be held so exceedingly blamable when they follow out avarice, covetousness, vanity, or pride? If so, are not God's dealings unjust, for having first engrafted evil in our nature and then expecting that the fruit should be good!

Such is the very common method, of regarding God's dealings with mankind: but if the picture be *reversed, how* different is the representation!

It is true that we all have an hereditary propensity to evil; but without a trial, how can proof of genuine obedience be obtained? and if our trials are hard, our hopes, our encouragements, and our supports are ample and unfailing. Is it not promised to us, that "as our days, so shall our strength be?" —a promise declaring that if trouble assumes a high and a fearful form, the amount of the energy needed to meet that trouble shall be increased in such a measure as to enable us to be "more than conquerors" if we seek but God's assistance. Why, then, should we repine or murmur that we have to meet much trouble and to overcome many temptations, when power is given to us to bear against the one and escape the other? Until it can be shown that God gives to his creatures more sorrow than they can bear, or allows more temptation than can be overcome, it can not be said that he has dealt harshly or unjustly with them.

Neither are his laws unjust or harsh: he has commanded nothing which it is not for our benefit to do, and forbidden nothing which does not work our injury, when done. It is only the excess of everything which is forbidden: and the excess of pleasure is sensuality. Shall not, therefore, the sensualist be held blamable, who, ere he can become the sensualist, must have allowed his passions to become his master, and have become a base slave to his own baser lust?

Oh! if we think how much God has done for us—how bright a heaven is prepared, how glorious an immortality awaits us—the wonder will be, that we should not at once eagerly follow his laws and obey his ordinances. He has given religion to be our guide, and promised his grace to be our support; and so enwoven is religion with the best feelings of *the human* heart, that vice instinctively pays respect *to virtue*, and confesses a superiority and excellence *in real religion*; so much so, that the vicious ma

would become the virtuous, if it were not that habits of dissipation had so bound him—habits which, like the poisoned vest of Hercules, can only be pulled off by tearing the skin from the bone.

It is only by religion—for religion is virtue—that we can be happy either here or hereafter; for God has so linked happiness with holiness, that, like twin sisters, where the one is, the other strays not far distant. By the power of religion we are enabled to overcome the evils of our nature, and to live in obedience to the law of God; evil habits may be overcome, evil dispositions cured, and a fitness for heaven be obtained, even on this side of the grave.

The first, the brightest, and the best of all acquirements, is real religion; for by this is effected love to God, and peace and good will to mankind. Nothing of malice or envy will be displayed or encouraged—no outbreaks of temper tolerated, no falseness or dissimulation allowed; but that charity which thinketh no evil, and attempteth all good, will be enthroned in the heart and exhibited in the conduct of all who are endeavoring to become followers of "those who through faith and patience now inherit the promises."

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

"I hear thee tell of that better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Oh, mother, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child."

* * * * * * * *

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams can not picture a land so fair;
Sorrow and pain may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom:
For beyond the grave and beyond the tomb,
It is there! it is there! my child."—MRS. HEMANS

WHILE the object of this little work has been to point out the duties and obligations which devolve upon all, it has also been the study to show that though we are dwellers upon earth, earth is not our home; but "that we are only strangers and pilgrims here, hastening to another country, even a heavenly."

And, in conclusion, let us advert briefly to this latter point, and speak once more of religion.

"Religion! what pleasures untold
Reside in that heavenly word;
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford!"

In the book of the Revelation, heaven is described in such gorgeous and sublime strains—the images employed are so magnificent and glorious, that earth, with its pleasures and its honors, fades away by comparison. There is in these intimations of heaven, which are scattered through the pages of the Bible, something which commends itself to every *mind, so* that we can scarcely imagine any, with *this glorious* prospect in view, living so that they

will never be able to enter this land of holiness and glory. And it is very necessary that heaven should be constantly kept in mind, otherwise the attractions of earth will obtain too great a mastery over the mind; but by having the thoughts constantly directed to that promised kingdom, we become better prepared to overcome the temptations with which we may be assailed, and stimulated to continued exertions, as the champions in the Grecian games were stimulated and strengthened, when perhaps led to relax the severity of the necessary discipline, by the sight of the honored garland—their being crowned with which was regarded as the greatest of all triumphs.

If anything could stimulate to a holy and religious life, it would be the hope of heaven.

On earth we walk in a vain shadow: but in heaven there is no pain or sorrow—tears are not shed there—death has no power—time can not fade its glories, but happiness in its fulness and its deep rapture is enjoyed by all. On earth we are continually at war with ourselves: but in heaven there will be no corrupt nature to subdue, no struggling between mind and matter; no unholy passions will rage, no dark thoughts rise—no feuds, no jars, no disorders. The wicked will not trouble nor tempt; but a deep and universal love will pervade all hearts and link all with bands of deep affection. And the glories of that land, how vast and overwhelming they must be! walls of sapphire and rivers of crystal, and streets of pearl, are the images employed to represent its splendor, and there the redeemed walk in white robes, with palms in their hands and crowns upon their heads, while the light which guides them is God. Wonderful expression! neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, shall irradiate heaven, but "the glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb be *the light thereof.*" We could imagine glorious luminaries lighting up heaven, but who can comprehend

what that land must be which Deity makes refulgent by himself?

On earth it has been through a glass darkly that our gaze was directed; but there shall we see God face to face. Vain have been all attempts to discover God, or to penetrate the veil which hides Deity. The astronomer has sought for him in vain; he has looked for him in the sun as he shone forth in his glory—in the moon as she walked in her brightness—in the stars as they beamed in their loveliness; but it was only his glance which had kindled the fires. The philosopher has tried to find him; he has searched the feelings within his own bosom—he has listened for him in the syllabling of conscience, and searched for him in the storehouse of memory, and soared aloft for him in the aspirings of reason: but it was only the whisperings of his spirit which he heard. The mariner has ploughed the deep in quest of him; he has looked for him in the calm, but saw only the image of his dwelling-place mirrored in the waters—he has sought for him in the storm, but it was only the "breath of his displeasure" lashing the waves into madness which could be distinguished. The naturalist has tried to find him; he has searched the mountains, but he was not there—he has trodden the valleys, but his search was in vain—has asked of the animated things which roamed around him, "all fearfully and wonderfully made"—has inquired of the trees which waved their branches in the winds, of the flowers which opened their beautiful cups to court the warm sunbeam to linger there, but none could tell: he saw the impress of his finger—his benevolence, his power—on all around, but not himself.

But the Christian has sought for him in the word of his truth, and there found his will revealed; though eyes can not behold him, he has been present to his spirit. To him, as to the Israelites of old, he has made himself known by the pillar and the cloud; the one as a "covert from the tempest," the other as

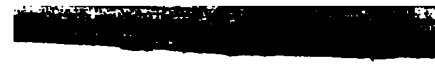
a guide to the haven of rest he has promised. Shielded by that cloud as by the wing of his providence, we will leave the guidance of our intellect, and follow that which he himself has prepared.

In heaven, too, shall we meet with all the worthies who have ever trod upon this globe—with apostles who, the greatest of all champions, warred with idolatry, the world their battle-field—with prophets who, mightier than magicians, penetrated the future, and foretold unnumbered marvels. We shall converse with Moses, great as a lawgiver; David, harmonious as a poet, and "the sweet singer of Israel;" Elijah, the zealous servant of God. We will be companions with angels. We shall see the greatness and glory of God; the inscrutable Deity shall be revealed—then will all doubts and difficulties be removed, no obscurity remaining upon any of God's dealings, but all be harmony, order, wisdom, and love.

The volume of Universal Truth will be opened to the gaze, with no obscurity upon a single line. Then will all the secrets of those things which have been studied on earth be revealed—glory resting upon them all, and brightness making them all beautiful: the whole economy of nature will be opened to the view, and all its laws be made known. Then will all the speculations which learned men have hazarded be removed—doubt will give way to certainty, and perfect knowledge take the place of superficial. Then will the wisdom and justness of God's dealings be made apparent—all the uncertainty which now hangs over them will be withdrawn; and when this veil is removed, so rich will be the disclosures, so overwhelming by their sublimity and vastness, so glorious and so mighty, that the confession will fall from every lip, that God in all his laws and all his works has evinced a love and a wisdom so perfect, that they almost overwhelm the mind, even while they cause rejoicing *that beauty has* arisen out of that which seemed *deformity, and order* out of apparent confusion.

But this land can be gained only through trials, troubles, and afflictions—the heart must be brought to love God, and the actions of the life to correspond with his will. If but through the means of this little book one evil habit shall be conquered—one duty performed—one heart brought to think deeply and fervently of religion, we shall indeed have reason to rejoice. With the intention of showing the proper position which woman occupies in society, this work was commenced; and now, having laid down the chief points to which her influence extends, with good wishes we bid our readers farewell.

THE END



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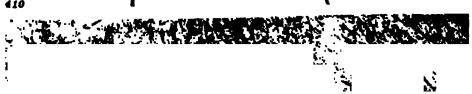
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